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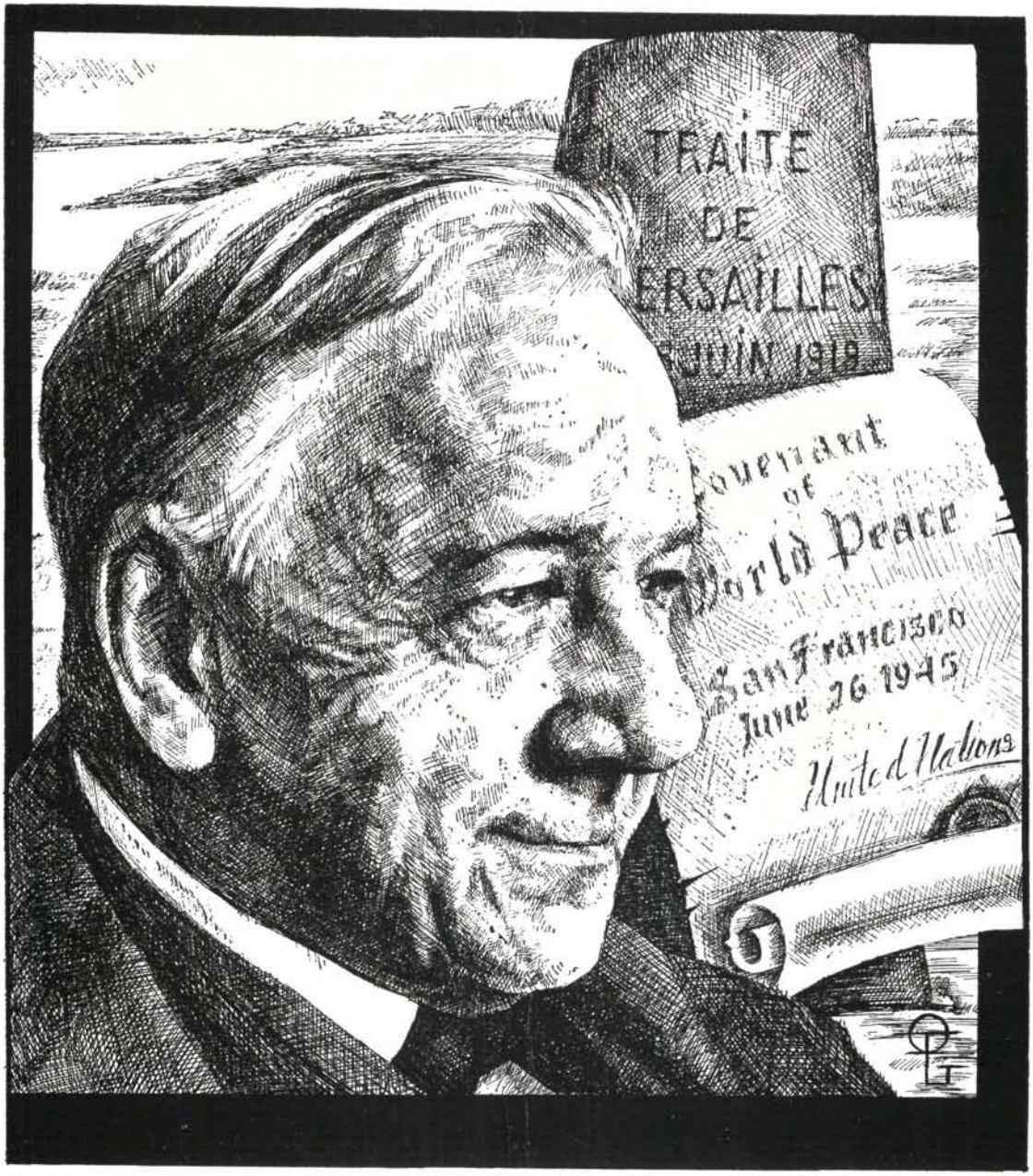

Josephus Daniels, author of "The Wilson Era: Years of War and After." *(See page 7)*

Danger Sign

By EDGAR ANSEL MOWRER

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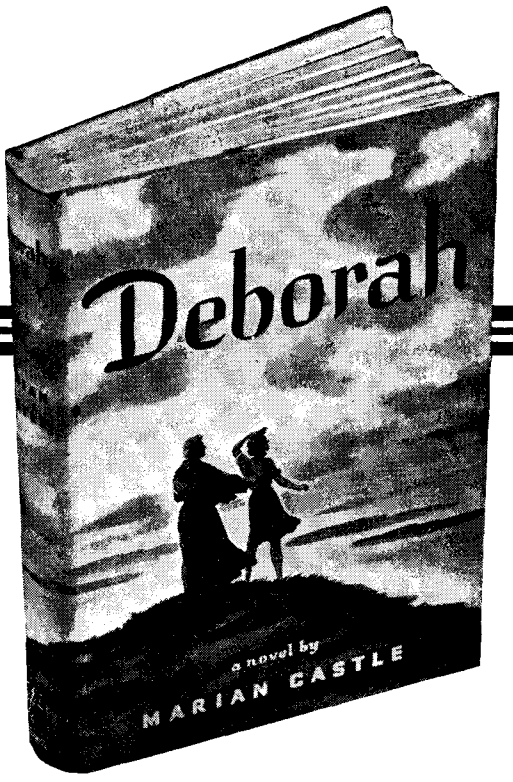

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deborah

A NOVEL

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The loneliness of men in strange places...

THERE'S a special quality about "last" things, something that makes you tentative with them until they have become an accepted part of your life. Perhaps it is the mind's refusal to believe they are truly "last" that makes the believing process take so long. Even now, publishing the final book by Ernie Pyle, we can remember vividly what happened the day news of his death came—how the switchboard got jammed, how that queer look sprang up back of people's eyes, and how we felt a personal sense of loss.

Ernie Pyle was just a little man who did nothing extraordinary except put all the little men of our side down on paper as they went about the big job of winning a war. This final book rounds out his reports of the Tunisian and European Campaigns; it is the material he sent back from the Pacific. It is full of the individuals he met, and always liked, and the things they were doing. Only the scenery is different. Ernie—who had trouble answering to the name "Mr. Pyle"—seldom failed to establish a basis of friendship even when he was known only on paper. People had such a real and deep affection for him and, during the war, they would write him saying "reading your column is like getting a letter from my son". It was those sons who put up a painted wooden marker on Ie Shima saying simply, "At this point the 77th Infantry Division lost a buddy, Ernie Pyle, 18 April 1945."

Even without hindsight, LAST CHAPTER is rather a sad book. Ernie Pyle had been going to war for a long time, ever since the London blitz in 1940, and he was tired. After Africa and Europe and those indescribable days of wholesale death and destruction he was as much a victim of combat fatigue as the front line soldier he wrote about. The brief reprieve of a vacation at home, in New Mexico with "that girl", was after all only a reprieve from something that was as certain of coming eventually as death or taxes. Before leaving on this last trip Pyle was that most lost and apprehensive of creatures (and haven't we all known his counterpart?) the man between two wars.

Like thousands of other Americans, he didn't want to go back. But like all those others he did go, hating to feel time slip through his fingers, holding the days and hours left to him in a known country where he belonged. Of that last period of waiting in California for transportation that would take him to the Pacific war he said:

> *I remember when I first started going to war, how impatient I was at delay, and how I fretted myself into a frenzy over waiting. But time changes things like that. Now, although there was a delay of a few days, I welcomed every one of them with a big embrace. I felt like saying to it, "Ah, my love, you are the day of my dreams. You are my one more day of security—how I cherish you."*

Here, then, is the loneliness and insecurity of men in strange places, fighting a strange new kind of war against an enemy as different from them as men from Mars, where a squadron commander, after briefing his men, "gave strict orders for pilots not to shoot at Japs coming down in parachutes. 'They're supposed to do it to us,' he said, 'but it isn't the thing for us to do.' "

In this war of distance and boredom, sudden fury and the quick necessity of foxholes, where "island neurosis" was a constant bogey and a man would gladly give a month's pay for one beer and one dance with a blond, Ernie Pyle found a final job to do and did it.

Last Chapter

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Danger Sign

EDGAR ANSEL MOWRER

THE war did not cost us enough. Not enough Americans got killed or maimed or blinded. Not enough American lives were wrecked. Otherwise we should not be ignoring the national calamity that lies just ahead.

What this country needs is more Isaiahs and Jeremiahs.

Dr. Harold Urey, Nobel Prize winner and co-author of the atom bomb, has publicly described himself as a "frightened man." Fright may help a little. But if we are going to prevent the catastrophe whose shadow is already gigantic on tomorrow's wall, we shall have to call on indignation.

The soldiers and sailors did their work and moved on, leaving the greatest job of all time to be finished by statesmen. Who moved in?

The money-changers, the hucksters, the chiselers, and the hogs. More goods, right away! More profits, higher wages, more buckets of swill! Favors, favors! "The world owes me . . ."

Talk about the Gadarene swine rushing down the steep place to destruction!

The war has not been definitely won; there is as yet no peace . . . and the self-styled "greatest people" in the world quits on the home stretch to scratch and pick up peanuts. . . .

Nothing for which we fought has yet been really attained. We are not yet secure.

Famine stretches a skinny finger across the world. Me-firsters at home urge us to close our bursting fists.

We know the danger of a new war and refuse—flatly—to take the first real step toward the only institution that could stop it.

Our demobilization breaks all records—seven million men in a few months. This was not a "relocation," it was a riot. In addition, it was a crime. For our armed forces were the scaffolding of the peace we intended to build. Without them the peace will not be built.

It seems easier to entice hungry dogs from meat than Americans from the national trough. In an electoral year it is easier to make heroes of jackrabbits than patriots of Congressmen. Feeble attempts by a few high-minded leaders to explain that school is not yet out beat vainly on the surface of our egoism.

Nearly a year after the completion of the first atomic scourge, we have still not agreed on a sensible plan of control.

Why should we when our motto is, rumba, bicker, and grab!

I say these things in the name of the group of American newspapermen who saw World War II coming and who might, if heeded, have prevented it.

All during those fateful thirties when the Dope Sisters—Appeasement and Apathy—were lulling innocent Americans, we predicted the cacophonous finale. That finale—the war—cost the world about half a century of progress.

There was nothing mysterious about Italian vanity, Jap treachery, or Germany's attack on civilization. But when we yelled and pointed a finger, nobody heeded.

It's a hundred to one that nobody will listen now. But we have got to try.

The price of this war is monstrous. Measured in money, it is just too big to register. The loss in suffering and moral slump defies calculation. But maybe that loss was too low to create an awareness of continuing danger.

What else ought one expect? Haven't we Americans always done just what we are doing now? Isn't it idiotic to imagine that our people—or any people—will suddenly behave as fully responsible human beings?

Now just a minute. Thirty years of newspaper work have given me a reasonably low idea of the human animal. I have knocked around the planet. I have gone through two great wars—and some lesser ones. I have watched Nazis at their hellish pleasures, seen healthy Chinese going unconcernedly about their business while thousands of their fellows died of cholera, had my own friends shot beside me, eaten luncheon off a convenient corpse in a trench. A newspaperman comes in touch with every variety of perversity, crime, and folly, catalogued and uncatalogued.

BUT nothing in my experience convinces me that a whole people must rush into self-destruction.

One exception—Sicily back in the twenties. Mount Etna had just erupted. Prosperous villages, fertile fields and orchards, hundreds of people, lay under molten lava. Yet there were the survivors headed right back up the mountain—foreordained victims of the next eruption.

With the same frivolity, we Americans, having miraculously escaped Hitler and Hirohito, are closing our eyes to greater perils.

First of all, Germany. Despite the greatest battering of all times, German war potential is still enormous. The Germans can again become a menace to mankind.

During the fighting we swore that we would prevent this. The means we selected were (a) the military occupation of Germany, and (b) the reëducation of the German people themselves.

These were long-time measures.

What are we doing? Pulling out. Quitting cold. Welshing!

We have weakened our police

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forces and our corps of educators to the point where both are failing.

Our gutted divisions, our grounded planes, our immobile tanks no longer impress military-minded Germans with our power. Huckster-minded, "want - to - go - home" kid soldiers mooching around army centers encourage German comparison with their own stern, unbending military —not to our advantage. While they still fear the Russians, the Germans no longer have much respect for Americans. For they see us scampering and they have decided that we will "never fight in Europe again."

At heart they are unchanged. They regret not having started, but having lost, the war. If the Allied forces released their prisoners and withdrew tomorrow, the Nazis under some new name would come back.

Outwardly the Germans are servile. They grovel and lick the tails of their conquerors. But inwardly, as the daze of defeat wears off, they are beginning to plan their comeback. Give them another year or so and they will be ugly. They will start bumping off the decent Germans who want to make Germany democratic as they did after the last war.

Tenacious, aggressive, malevolent, they have not accepted their defeat.

Unless we Americans stiffen, toughen, and immunize our armed forces; unless we build up an able corps of civilian educators; unless we announce that *we are in Germany for as long as the job takes,* whether two years or fifty, the Germans may again become a world menace.

If they do, then minor foci of fascist infection, like Spain and Argentina, will blossom like peonies.

SECOND danger, the Soviet Union. Few Americans realize that American relations with the Soviets are uniformly bad.

By one means or another, the Soviet Union has, since the war started, extended its sway over at least 160 million more human beings.

Americans resent this one-sided exploitation of a common victory. Russians resent American resentment.

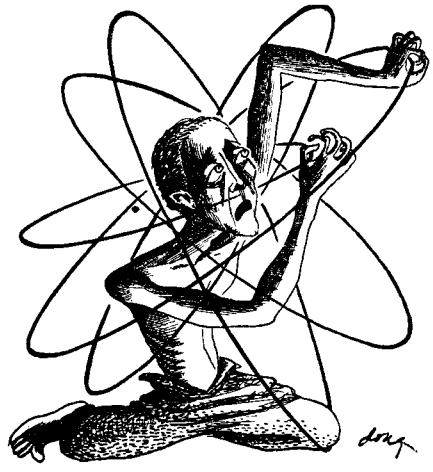
Despite its technical backwardness and the clumsiness of its political system, the Soviet Union possessed before 1939 potential resources superior to those of the United States. Its already more numerous population is increasing at a much greater rate. Add to the Soviet population those of the recently subjugated peoples and it is clear that the power relationship between the United States and the Soviet Union, now overwhelmingly in our favor, has been cleverly shifted to our detriment.

Add the further item that in any sort of competition for the still independent peoples of Europe and Asia the Soviets are in a favored position. The inhabitants of Central and Western Europe form a large part of the world's technological and military elite. The inhabitants of Asia constitute a clear majority of the earth's inhabitants.

Lumped into a single political unit with the Russians, the two groups would be irresistible.

This is why, except among Communists and fellow travellers, *fear of the Soviets is the dominant political attitude in Europe today.*

Under these circumstances, a struggle is already going on for the allegiance of the German and of the Chinese peoples. Until very recently at least, some Americans were taking the part of their country's ad-



versary. For the Soviets and their friends are describing this struggle as one between Russia and Britain and not, as it really is, between the Soviets and the United States.

Soviet-American rivalry *is not primarily ideological or economic.* It is primarily *political,* and, as in all political disputes, the stake is power. In the absence of a higher central authority, the relations between great sovereign states are inevitably those of power politics. To become "secure," the Soviets seek to expand. To remain "secure," the United States must oppose them. By no stretch of the imagination can the population of the Americas, even plus that of the British Dominions, successfully oppose the organized will of the combined peoples of Europe and Asia.

Smart German Nazis are therefore seeking to retrieve their lost power by offering their services as mercenaries in a new war against the Russians. Brassy generals in Washington are advocating our partnership with Fascist Peron of Argentina in an effort to "protect the Americas against Russian influence." Salty American admirals are offering specific jobs to high-power American scientists in direct anticipation of the "coming war." A book by a deep student of international affairs (Ely Culbertson) has appeared under the shocking but realistic title, "Must We Fight Russia?" Is this warning clear enough?

THE third danger to the peace is worldwide famine and distress. The American people are not ignorant of this. They are not hard-hearted. They are doing what they can *without serious inconvenience to themselves or to some powerful vested interest, big business, or labor union.* The trouble is that they consider this a matter of charity rather than a challenge to our American will to live.

The danger is not merely that, under the influence of prolonged misery, the masses of Europe and Asia will turn for relief to the Red Piper of Moscow. It is also that without world prosperity there can, in the long run, be no American prosperity. Without American prosperity, the entire free and democratic way of life can disappear. Faced with such a threat, the American Congress hems and haws about vital loans to friendly peoples.

The worst danger of all is the danger of atomic death. This is the ancient spectre of war now made a thousand times more dreadful by the discovery of new weapons of which the atomic bomb is merely one.

The scientists who discovered and manufactured the bomb have done their best to point out how under present circumstances major international war will become so homicidal and destructive that it cannot in any sense be won. Their views have been followed and popularized by intelligent public leaders in the United States. In the case of international control, the American Administration has taken the lead in proposing a scheme (the Lilienthal Report on the International Report of Atomic Energy) that could reduce if not altogether prevent the use of atomic energy in a new war.

But the American people as a whole still seem inert to the magnitude of the danger. They have not caught up with science. They are being fortified in their folly by the attitudes of important American groups. One attitude is that the amount of death and destruction does not count provided we ultimately win a new conflict (Major General Groves). Another is that our superiority in atomics can be maintained at such a level that (a) atomic bombs will never be used,

(*Continued on page* 40)

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F. D. R.'s Chief Recalls a War

THE WILSON ERA: YEARS OF WAR AND AFTER, 1917-1923. By Josephus Daniels. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press. 1946. 654 pp. $4.

Reviewed by HENRY F. PRINGLE

OUT of the rich store of his memories, the Secretary of the Navy under Woodrow Wilson has produced another bulging volume of behind-the-scenes disclosures, anecdotes, and trivia. As before, Mr. Daniels is as charming as he is loquacious. He worships President Wilson, of course, and admits no possibility that his hero could be wrong in act or judgment. But Mr. Daniels never pretended to anything else. Historians of the Wilson years, knowing this, will walk carefully through his pages.

Yet this second volume of reminiscences gives some illuminating glimpses of Woodrow Wilson. He had a keen sense of humor. His knowledge of naval strategy caused him to press for the convoying of ships at the height of the submarine offensive, although the British opposed it. He also favored, in the face of British skepticism, the mine barrage in the North Sea which, it is generally agreed, led ultimately to the mutinies of U-boat crews. The picture of a war President painted by Mr. Daniels is radically different from the timid, vacillating chief executive portrayed by hostile critics.

"Daniels," he kept demanding of his Secretary of the Navy, "why don't the British shut up the hornets in their nests?" The Admiralty, it appears, believed the barrage unfeasible. Admiral William S. Sims, on duty in London, shared their pessimism. Daniels, who had an extremely low opinion of Sims, believed that the American admiral was hopelessly influenced by the British. So, in all likelihood, did Mr. Wilson. On July 4, 1917, the President sent Sims a stiffly worded cable:

> From the beginning of the war, I have been greatly surprised at the failure of the British Admiralty to use Great Britain's great naval superiority in an effective way. In the presence of the present submarine emergency, they are helpless to the point of panic. Every plan we suggest they reject for some reason of prudence. In my view this is not a time for prudence but for boldness, even at the cost of great losses.

This was strong stuff, strong enough even to satisfy the bellicose Theodore Roosevelt, who was smarting under Wilson's refusal to let him win new glory at the cost of efficient prosecution of the war. Wilson's tragedy—shared by the nation and the world—was that he was outwardly aloof, that he appeared to be a coldly reasoning intellectual. The people never knew the man that Daniels and others among the intimates knew. Wilson could not so present himself. One reason for this was his inability to achieve harmonious relationships with the press.

On one occasion the President attended a press conference being held by the Secretary of the Navy. He listened without saying anything. But when it had ended he asked Daniels whether he had "to go through this ordeal every day."

As we look back on World War I from the vantage point of World War II, the struggle of 1917-18 seems small indeed. The Federal Government was still simple. The Secretaries of State, War, and Navy all had their offices in one building—now inadequate for the State Department alone. The President would frequently cross from the White House and confer with his Cabinet officers.

Mr. Daniels's book is discursive, badly arranged, opinionated, without documentation—and thoroughly entertaining. Like the Washington he writes about, it has an antique air. Men who had dwelt among the great nearly always used to write books like this, in their days of retirement and wistful looking backward. Joseph B. Foraker's "Notes of a Busy Life" was such a volume, although less honest and interesting than this. Henry L. Stoddard, the editor, offered another of the kind in his "As I Know Them."

Wilson's Secretary of the Navy is a very old gentleman, now, and he is entitled to his convictions, prejudices, and over-statements. Association with Mr. Wilson was the greatest experience of his life and his outstanding privilege. So few will quarrel when he gives the impression that all the reforms of the New Deal were effected during Wilson's first term. The New Freedom, he writes, "gave labor its Magna Carta" whereas, of course, labor had to wait twenty years for that blessing.

"No line has been written in malice," Mr. Daniels explains in his preface. This was to be expected of those who know him and his kindly nature. But this does not mean that he approves of everybody. True, he refers to the late, grotesque Southern senator as "the dynamic Tom Heflin." Yet he detested others besides Admiral Sims and does not hide his convictions. Theodore Roosevelt was one. So was Cabot Lodge, who helped to kill the League of Nations.

His relationship with Franklin D. Roosevelt, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, was warm and cordial. Mr. Daniels gives some illuminating sidelights on his chief assistant. "I get my fingers into about everything and there's no law against it," F.D.R. said, himself, in describing his job. He was active, ambitious, and radiant with charm. And he exhibited, on at least one occasion, the lack of respect for law which is, I'm afraid, a characteristic of all the Roosevelt clan.

Josephus Daniels, Jr., had enlisted in the Marine Corps as a private. The Assistant Secretary of the Navy told his chief he did not have any idea how hard this would be for the boy. It would be additionally difficult because of his father's position.

"Let me take charge of it and let him enroll as a lieutenant," he suggested.

But Daniels had a higher code of ethics. He could not possibly justify special favors for his son, he said. But Roosevelt did not seem to appreciate this.

"Leave it all to me and have nothing to do with it," he repeated. "If you appreciated what is in store for Josephus you would not think of letting him enter as a private."

Mr. Daniels can tell a good story well. He has not bothered to check the facts too carefully—often stories are ruined by such arid research. Thus in his notes on Roosevelt, he writes that the future President learned navigation as a boy and adds: "It stood him and Wilson in good stead when Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt were returning with them from Europe on the *George Washington* early in 1919. In the fog the captain had lost his reckoning. F.D.R. located the

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ship's position and put her safely on her way again."

Come, come, Mr. Daniels; please give me a footnote on that! I don't believe the skipper of a huge liner lost his way in the fog. Anyway, the ship was still in the hands of the Navy, so what kind of a Navy were *you* running? It's a good story, but here is the truth, although I can't give a footnote either. Some smart officer on the *George Washington* thought it would be a good idea to butter up the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, so he said he was lost and allowed F.D.R. to plot a course.

Mr. Daniels tells one story, on the other hand, which is worth the price of the book in itself. This might be called "The Great Gasoline Mystery" and it is to be found on pages 139 to 143. It is about a fantastic stranger who called himself John Andrews and who said he had invented a gasoline substitute costing only two cents a gallon. He convinced a technical board of the Navy that he had done so and demanded $2,000,000 in advance. When this was refused unless he disclosed his secret, the alleged John Andrews vanished and was never heard of again.

"It was a mystery of mysteries," Mr. Daniels writes.

The Optimism of Alvin Johnson

THE CLOCK OF HISTORY. By Alvin Johnson. New York: W. W. Norton & Co., Inc. 1946. 253 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by MARK S. WATSON

THE clock of history never turns back," and so, while after every great crisis mighty effort is made to restore the good old days (in their better aspects only, to be sure), every such effort has failed, and will fail. It is the problems not of restoration but of readjustment which in 1946 continue to engage the attention of Dr. Alvin Johnson, just as they did after World War I, and after the no less earth-shaking events of the allegedly peaceful thirties. A series of essays toward that end, which he wrote in the past fourteen years as one of his activities as director of the New School for Social Research, is now incorporated without change in a volume which touches many subjects eternally current, linked together by the author's own qualities of scholarship and humanity and zeal for intellectual freedom.

What are the bases of the world's needed readjustment? Dr. Johnson readily names three: (1) That there be no isolationism; (2) that we know there can be no security for vested rights, individual or national; (3) that there be no tolerance of mass unemployment. These are all negative, it will be noted. On the things which will positively come to pass the author is somewhat less precise and perhaps less confident, although during the war his hopes were high for a mighty league of nations which could really veto war (with the rather important proviso) "if it holds together."

The basis of world agreement, he observes, is tolerance and understanding, with an awareness that, whatever our displeasure over other nations' "power politics," we must

Alvin Johnson: ". . . the tree of democracy is better than the fruit it may bear in any particular season."

bear in mind that there is no other kind, except powerless politics, which demonstrably is worse.

What is a national mentality, and how deep does it go? Not far below the upper classes, says this provocative writer. Over most of the world, nine-tenths of the mentality of the masses, by his computation (and there may be a temptation to include the so-called classes too), are concerned with the dull but necessary business of maintaining the family, nothing else; and the variation among nationalities in the other one-tenth proves upon examination to be not so very wide. To revise the national mentality of Japan, for instance, it is "the mentality of the upper two or three per cent that needs to be overhauled."

For our own American Constitution Dr. Johnson finds a promise of another thousand years of life. That under it, despite our opportunities, we frequently select "stupid leaders and foolish policies" is much less important than that, at least, we make those selections freely, "for the tree of democracy is better than the fruit it may bear in any particular season." Oddly, our "plain people" many times prove to be profoundly right in their mass judgments, and our "important people" dismally in error, and this, in Dr. Johnson's view, is because the important people judge policies first, whereas the plain people are guided by their judgment of the man. We are often saved from disasters by the Constitution-makers' deliberate effort to install machinery for the blocking of hasty action—only (and here the author, like so many of us, seems to wish to have it both ways) the peril is that the checks and balances will "check so much and balance so little that we cannot get things done." Dr. Johnson proceeds:

> The Maginot Line would have been a great asset, if behind it there had been a live, mobile, well-equipped, intelligent defense. The Constitution is the most magnificent asset in the possession of democratic freedom, provided that we are prepared for a live, mobile, intelligent, and adequately equipped defense. . . . We are amiable fools if we dream that even the best constitution in the world can protect our liberties while we occupy ourselves with golf, the movies, and pinochle. Argentina has nearly as good a constitution as ours. Look at Argentina. . . . The Renaissance and the Enlightenment gave us the liberty and security we enjoy. Do the Renaissance and the Enlightenment bore us? Then our Constitution is destined to lie, like the Maginot Line, as an impressive relic of a happier age gone by.

These essays were written over fourteen years, and, as remarked, are unchanged. One wonders if, on second thought, the author might have tempered his tolerant view that we are "moving out of the era in which labor's sole interest lay in raising wages, cutting hours, feather-bedding, slowing up on the job to make more jobs, and the consumer be damned. All that is going. Labor . . . is beginning to realize that its rights . . . carry responsibility." A little wider diffusion of that realization would be welcome, anyway. And (in this same obnoxiously carping vein) there may be post-facto criticism of "my own guess . . . that when all our brave lads return as victors from the ends of the earth, a tidal wave of optimism will engulf this country." Well, any man is entitled to two guesses.

In these essays the reader will find almost continuous provocation to thought and encouragement to hope. Dr. Johnson's own abiding hope, as teacher and as individual, is in the effectiveness of adult education.

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In the Days of Machiavelli

THEN AND NOW. By W. Somerset Maugham. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1946. 278 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

THE scene is Italy at the dawn of the sixteenth century, and the not entirely heroic hero is Niccolo Machiavelli, best known to posterity as author of "The Prince." The main action runs from October 1502 into January of the following year; the principal elements of this action being diplomacy and love, nicely mingled in almost equal parts. Thanks to the diplomatic element, we witness the education of a political philosopher. Thanks to the amorous element, we witness the aspiration and frustration of a practised lecher. It is all, with the exception of a few unleavened lumps of historical exposition, highly diverting; as we are entitled to expect it to be, coming as it does from the pen of a novelist who believes that the prime function of novel writing is to give pleasure. The past politics that the narrative contains may be read with an oblique glance at present politics, while the humorous ingredients of the love story are tested ingredients that have proved themselves effective in many masterly hands. And, in "Then and Now," they are once again in the service of a master, for, when it comes to a lively and naughty tale, Somerset Maugham can hold his own with the best of the Italians and the Romans.

It was early in October 1502 that the executive body of Florence sent the newly married Machiavelli as emissary to the court of Cesare Borgia, Duke of Valentinois. Cesare, threatened by a conspiracy of his mercenary captains, was making military demands upon the Florentine Republic which its rulers were loath to satisfy. It was Machiavelli's business to play a delaying game, and while playing it to see all that his sharp eyes could see of the Duke's political maneuvering. He was to be at once an ambassador and a spy; an ambassador without power to conclude agreements, but as potent a spy as his own wiles could make him. It was a task not much to his liking, for he knew Cesare's impatience and imperious temper. But for some three months he managed to temporize and to observe the intricate intrigues which culminated in Cesare's murder of his captains at Sinigaglia. And he observed even more, for during these three months he studied the character and weighed the opinions of the man who, somewhat idealized, was one day to serve as the model of his "Prince." In the Duke's actions he saw the practical application of a philosophy, while in the Duke's philosophy he found a complete rationalization of the actions. It was a rich course of instruction for the student of practical politics—a course that began almost as soon as Machiavelli was ushered into Cesare's presence at Imola. "'Men will always forgive the loss of their political liberty if their private liberty is left undisturbed,' said the Duke casually."

When Machiavelli left the Duke, he left with the dream of a united Italy warm in his imagination, and with the fixed purpose of establishing a Florentine militia. This purpose he was destined to realize, although Mr. Maugham does not record the fact. What the novelist does record is that when Niccolo took the road back to Florence he was also carrying in his head the plot of a comedy. How that plot got into his head is at least half the story of "Then and Now." It runs like this:

When Machiavelli set out on his mission to Cesare, he took with him, as a kind of page, a youth of eighteen named Piero Giacomini. This Piero, a well-built, attractive lad, had a cousin at Imola, one Bartolomeo Martelli, who was a man of substance, an alderman, and a friend of the Republic. It so happened that the ambassador had instructions to get in touch with Bartolomeo, and that when he did so he was well received not only for his own sake but for the sake of Piero as well. It also happened that Bartolomeo had a young and beautiful wife, Aurelia, upon whom Niccolo had but to look to feel his nerves tingle and his body burn. The business of getting into bed with Aurelia was thenceforward at least as important to the Florentine envoy as any business he might transact with the Duke of Valentinois, and he set about it with all the craft associated with his name.

Aurelia was some twenty years younger than her husband. He had married her for love, but also in hope of an heir, for two wives had already failed him, and a son was the dearest wish of his life. It was also highly important to Aurelia and to her mother, Monna Caterina, that an heir be forthcoming, for if one were not the chances were that Bartolomeo would adopt one of his sister's boys and move his sister into his own house; whereupon the position of mother and daughter would be precarious indeed. But, despite the best will in the world on both sides, despite prayers and visits to recommended baths, Bartolomeo and Aurelia still remained childless after several years of marriage; and, although he refused to face the fact, there was every reason to believe that the fault was his. Here, then, was a situation in which Machiavelli saw firm grounds for hope.

Somerset Maugham, "a novelist who believes that the prime function of novel writing is to give pleasure."

Suppose he could persuade Monna Caterina that his interests and hers were nearly enough identical for all practical purposes. Suppose, further, that he could persuade Aurelia's confessor, Fra Timoteo, that a humble friar might gain much by furthering the wishes of the Florentine ambassador. Suppose, still further, that Monna Caterina and Fra Timoteo together could persuade Aurelia that a night with a man of proved virility would certainly be productive of great good and would involve but little sin. And suppose, finally, that, once an understanding had been reached all round, Bartolomeo could be made to admit that the fault might be his, and then be persuaded to leave Imola for a night in order to visit the shrine of a saint who (according to Machiavelli, at least) had already worked miracles in cases as desperate as his own. If all these matters could be managed, then Niccolo would be enabled to say: *Finis coronat opus.*

He laid his snares like a cunning fowler; his eloquence was that of the devil himself; and he spent money, some of it borrowed from Don Bartolomeo, with an open hand. All went according to plan, until a night came when the husband was away, the

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young wife was willing, and the complaisant mother stood ready to open the house door at an arranged signal. Machiavelli, bathed and perfumed, dressed in his best, was waiting only for the hour of nine to strike; after which he would cross a narrow alley, and enter paradise. But there came the sound of footsteps other than his own. It was a messenger from the Duke. Cesare Borgia requested his presence at the palace at once, to receive news of importance. The lover fumed and cursed and burned, but the ambassador obeyed.

And at that point I think it is only fair to the author to leave the rest of the episode untold. Suffice it to say that Machiavelli was a bitter man when he took the homeward road to Florence. He told himself that he had been duped as prettily as any innocent could have been. The world was full of knaves, and honesty had no place in it. But a little later, having stopped at a wayside inn where he drank a good deal of wine, he was suddenly lifted in his stirrups by an inspiration. He would write a comedy based on his own misadventure. "That was how he would revenge himself on those people who had mocked and robbed him; he would hold them up to contempt and ridicule. His ill-humor vanished and as he rode along, his imagination busy, his face beamed with malicious delight." He began playing with character changes, looking for plot devices. His creative sap was flowing strong. "'To hell with love,' he muttered as he got off his horse. 'What is love beside art!'"

There is no doubt, of course, as to the comedy he wrote; although Mr. Maugham leaves it nameless. It is the famous "Mandragola," described by John Addington Symonds as "the ripest and most powerful play in the Italian language." If you turn to it, you will find the Machiavelli of "Then and Now" transformed into Callimaco, Don Bartolomeo into Messer Nicia, Aurelia into Lucrezia, Monna Caterina into Sostrata; and Fra Timoteo appearing with name unchanged. Mr. Maugham has his author writing the comedy in 1507, whereas "Mandragola" actually belongs to Machiavelli's later and productive years; the years of the "Prince," the "History," the "Art of War," and the "Discourses," all of which were written after the Medicis had returned to Florence. But what are dates beside art!

Certainly the device of translating Machiavelli's comedy into a novel, and then making the novel serve as an explanation of the comedy's genesis, is an ingenious one, and delightful in its execution.

No Soap

THE HUCKSTERS. By Frederic Wakeman. New York: Rinehart & Co., Inc. 1946. 307 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by HARRISON SMITH

TWO years ago Frederic Wakeman wrote his first book, "Shore Leave," a bitter and outspoken novel of the fighting sailor and airman on leave and back in this country indulging in an orgy of drinking, casual girls, and forgetfulness.

When Mr. Wakeman joined the Navy, he left a promising job with Lord & Thomas, an advertising firm with some of the largest radio accounts in the country, including the many-million-dollar account of the American Tobacco Company. When Mr. Wakeman emerged from the war via a naval hospital, he went back to his old firm, now named Foot, Cone & Belding. As their account executive he is doubtless carrying on the practices which he satirizes in "The Hucksters," a novel which deserves and is destined to have a huge popular success. Novels that may step hard on somebody's corns are usually prefaced by an announcement that not one of the characters of the book "resembles in any way whatever any person living or dead or ever likely to be born," a convenient device to avoid libel suits. Since this escape clause is missing from "The Hucksters," it is obvious that none of Mr. Wakeman's associates or acquaintances need fear to find themselves mirrored in its pages.

There is a controversy now mildly raging in the press as to whether the public or the people who devise radio programs and advertising plugs are most to blame for what the American people have to listen to over the air morning, noon, and night. People are beginning to suspect that the I.Q.'s of radio script writers and executives have fallen below that of the average citizen of the U. S. A., which radio experts now place at about the age of twelve. The widespread interest that this book has already aroused indicates the displeasure and annoyance with current radio practices by a very large public. You will find most of the answers to your own doubts in "The Hucksters."

—*Leja Gorska.*

Frederic Wakeman's book "seems to be completely sincere and believable as long as it is confined to insincere and fantastic people."

In the novel young Victor Norman, once radio director of an advertising firm, comes back from a war job to look for another position. He finds it in the Radio City offices of Kimberley and Maag, an outfit whose treasured account is the Beautee Soap Company, specializing in elaborate radio shows. The company is run and its advertising is directed by one of the most monstrous old curmudgeons in modern literature. Evan Llewellyn Evans wears a straw hat in the office the year around, and he enjoys ripping everybody to pieces and scaring them to death. But he is as sharp as a shark's tooth and as dangerous to his hired talent as a runaway truck. By the time our hero arrives on the stage, Evans has reduced Kimberley, the sleek and once capable head of his advertising agency, to frightened impotence, so that he has been twice psychoanalyzed, is addicted to double-scotches and one-night stands with stray women; his marriage is going on the rocks, and he has lost control to his Hollywood partner of nearly all of the accounts of his company. Victor soon finds himself on the Super-Chief Hollywood-bound, along with the rest of the usual strange crew of actors, producers, writers, and male and female frauds and wolves, who automatically change into colored slacks, sports coats, gorgeous shirts, and sandals the day before they reach the movie capital.

Up to this point Mr. Wakeman's novel has been cynical to the point of nausea. It is filled with pushing, greedy people, bored with their own cleverness and their wisecracks. In a way these advertising big-shots and everyone connected with entertainment on the air have enough of the artist in their blood to be continually aware of the inadequacy and blatancy of the medium through which they

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have to work. Somewhere deep down they despise the shoddiness in what they are creating; they want to make money in heaps and get out fast before they are destroyed by the easy anodynes of drink, psychiatrists, and cold sex. "All night is a long time to spend with an old friend; it's a relief to be at liberty again," Victor muses at the beginning of the novel, as he watches a girl friend dressing to go to work. Kimberley says, "My psychiatrist tells me I am a sex maniac. But I told him I doubted if bulls and rabbits had Oedipus sex complexes." "It ain't art, but it's good radio." "The more you irritate them with repetitious commercials the more soap they buy." This majestic advertising theory is invented by Evan Evans, who spits on the massive conference table to illustrate what he means by not forgetting.

But there is more to Mr. Wakeman's account of the radio advertising game than cheap gags, fornication, and drink. He manages to reveal through his burlesque the fierce tension under which these men work, the skill and acumen with which the blaring shows and crass commercials are mixed. You realize that they are worth their fantastic salaries, commissions, and expense accounts, that they are paid to be mental adolescents as mad as March hares; you can even feel sorry for them.

Two-thirds of the way through "The Hucksters" the author changes his tune, for Victor actually falls deeply in love for the first time in his life. It would be hard to conceive of a more unlikely partner for him than the woman he picks. She has two children; she is distinguished, reserved, and is married to an overseas major with whom she has always been in love. In the midst of his outrageous Hollywood labors and the semi-lunatics who surround him she stands out like a plaster statue of Minerva in a bawdy house. It is obvious that Mr. Wakeman had to invent someone like Kay Dorrance to bring his book down to earth and that the engaging prattle and cute tricks of a couple of children would reveal that there was a human heart beating under Victor's sports coat. It turns out that he adores children and can mentally get himself down on all fours with them. But when his timid approaches to Kay boil over onto Malibu Beach and a hired room in what amounts to a flophouse hotel, it is sad to relate that Mr. Wakeman cannot live up to the occasion. The reader has become so inured to Victor's wit, his cynicism, his contemptuous regard for women, and to the crisp pace of the novel, that this idyllic interlude fails to move or convince us of its reality. Sentences like this might have had magic, if blasé Victor, the one-shot lover, the man who was afraid of marriage as he was of all long-term contracts, was not involved in their creation. We quote:

> She whispered dazedly, "My love." And then emphatically, "My only love."
>
> "You're my only love too," he

> said. "I want you to understand that."
>
> "Just think, my love. . . . It's like an artery pumping from you to me and back to you again."

There aren't too many pages of this sort of dialogue, however, and the reader will readily forgive Mr. Wakeman's collapse, for the end of the book is in his best style and the final scene, straw-hat Evans's conference room in New York, is good comedy and first-rate drama. For Victor finally discovers that the old buzzard is beginning to frighten him, too, destroying his hard-won virtues, his passion for independence, and his devil-may-care courage. Finally, when he has won all the tricks in the game, including a partnership in the firm and a future glittering with gold, he throws the job back in his admiring employers' faces and is ready to begin again.

Altogether, it is a most entertaining and absorbing novel, though it presents an odd paradox. It seems to be completely sincere and believable as long as it is confined to insincere and fantastic people. It loses reality when the author tries to bring it down from a plaster heaven to the solid earth. The reader should be warned that if he reads "The Hucksters," it will be a long time before he listens to his radio with his usual complacency.

A Wreath on the Sea

(For Memorial Day)

By Starr Nelson

THE Sea to her immortal blood
No craven bones doth take for food . . ."

Yet were there none who feared to go?
Boys, who saw the cruiser's prow
Rivering cold fire fathoms down,
And the steel-spitting turret crown
Topple in spears of demon light
Against the bursting drum of night,—
Who saw the flat-top's bulbous twin
With languid monstrous flickering fin
Rise from a Mermedonian world
Below their bodies rocked and swirled
Where stunned and naked, thunder-hurled,
They lay in the Sea till the mortal crying
Was nothing but the Sea's own sighing,
Only the Sea's full sighing, sighing. . . .
Surely these were loath to move
Into her veins! Youth is in love
With the face of danger; the spuming years
Recoil from the labyrinths of tears,
The passions older than Man's bone
Surging through the fluid stone.
Oh, surely as a man fears death
They feared the Sea and her sucking breath!
Yet they are lost in her—or found—
All men are heroes who have drowned
At sea. . . .
And not for grieving girls,
The salt foam blowing in their curls,
To know just how each lad was taken,
To know how deep she is forsaken
Who lays the elegiac rose
Soft on the bed of his repose.

. . . *Only the Sea, the Sea knows* . . .

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The "Troubles" in Ireland

LAND. By Liam O'Flaherty. New York: Random House. 1946. 356 *pp.* $2.50.

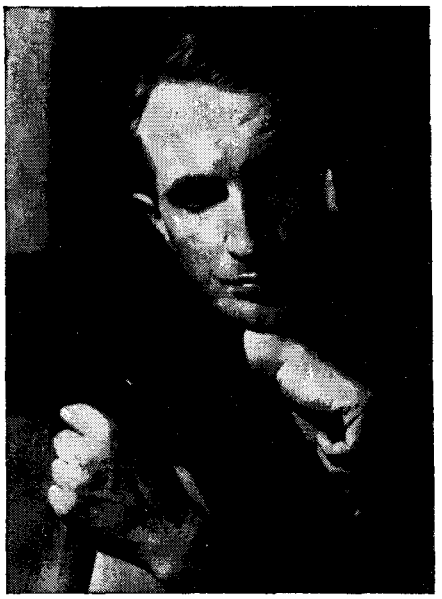
Reviewed by FRANK J. HYNES

IT was Taine who stressed the importance of environment as a determining factor in the formation of the literary character of authors. Liam O'Flaherty seems to offer striking proof of the validity of this theory. Born in the Aran Islands in 1896, his stark virility, violent emotions, and brutal forcefulness may well have been conditioned by the harsh and solid stoniness of those barren isles, by the frantic lashing of the ocean's fury against their desolate cliffs. The harmonies of his prose style could be memory's gift of the rhythmic ebb and flow of the Atlantic's eternal tides.

He was educated in the Jesuit College, where he studied for the priesthood, and later at University College, Dublin. He received his Ph.D. degree from the University of Hard Knocks. Joining the Irish Guards at the beginning of World War I, he was shell-shocked and became a rolling stone. With five pounds in his pocket, he arrived in London, living there from hand to mouth for two years. He served as foreman in a brewery, clerked in a mercantile office, portered in a hotel, and learned about women. By a round the world route before and behind the mast, he reached North America, worked in restaurants and print shops, and chopped logs in Canada. The Knickerbocker Hotel in New York knew him briefly as a porter. Hartford saw him as a tannery hand.

While in Hartford he picked up a second-hand set of de Maupassant, which apparently served him as a course in short story writing, resulting, we like to think, in his volume of distinguished short stories "Spring Sowing." He developed fatal hunches for a sure thing at the race-tracks. He became interested in the Labor Party, whose seal stamps his literary weights and measures.

He turned to writing, and his first novel, "Thy Neighbor's Wife," was published in 1924. Melodrama is O'Flaherty's forte, being a medium offering the greatest scope for the full expression of the powerful elemental forces seething and raging within him. His earliest novels were melodramas of the mind and spirit. "The Assassin" and "The Informer" were melodramas of physical action. What gives O'Flaherty's work distinction and raises it to high literary levels



—Peter Hancock

"Melodrama is [Liam] O'Flaherty's forte . . . offering expression of the powerful elemental forces raging within him."

is his gift for swift and powerful narration, a superb skill in characterization, and an ebullient sense of the dramatic values inherent in tense situations, plus a tardily developed sense of pity and compassion for the downtrodden and dispossessed.

The first novel of his to reveal this latter quality was "Famine," a powerful presentation of the tragic impact of the blight of the potato crop in Ireland in 1847-8 on the Irish peasantry, causing starvation, ruin, and utter wretchedness. The famine ruined the landlords as well as the tenants, and most of the estates were heavily in debt. The courts in Dublin were ordered to sell the encumbered estates and they fell into the hands of new owners who lived in England. The latter raised rents, making no allowances for the improvements made by the tenants. This unjust treatment was hotly resented by the tenants, who refused to pay their rents. Wholesale evictions followed, and then the "troubles" began.

In "Land," O'Flaherty's first novel since 1937, he takes this theme of absentee landlordism versus the native tenantry and makes an effective and significant story of it. The novel opens in the small village of Manister, County Mayo, in 1879, the year that Michael Davitt started the Land League to agitate for reform and improvement. An intellectual aristocrat, Raoul St. George, has just returned from France with his young daughter, Lettice, and takes up occupancy at the ancestral home where his sister Elizabeth is living alone.

He has no sooner settled down when, much to his astonishment, he finds himself actively and later eagerly involved in the local "troubles." An attempt is made on the life of an absentee landlord, Captain Butcher (not General Ike's Captain Butcher), who is present at his local estate, by a young, hot-headed Fenian named Michael O'Dwyer. O'Dwyer hides in a settle in St. George's kitchen. Butcher stalks in with fire in his eye and a gun in his hand.

A verbal battle ensues between St. George and the Dragon resulting in St. George's becoming a partisan of the tenants. From then on we have blood, sweat, and tears, love-making, jilting, arson, mob riots, intrigues, drinking, brawling, shouting, shooting, with occasional dashes of the more piquant spices of French naturalism with an early George Moorish flavor. Rich character after rich character races through the book, spitting out monologue and dialogue as salty as Galway kelp. But always the main theme is sustained in brilliant focus.

In 1880 Charles Stuart Parnell was elected head of the Irish Party and galvanized the whole movement. He soon had the entire support of the people. He even went to jail for the cause, and Gladstone was finally forced to pass an act calling for a plan for fixing fair rents. Betterment gradually made itself felt, and the "troubles" slowly subsided. Michael O'Dwyer weds Lettice, as anticipated.

The little village of Manister in County Mayo where this stirring drama has been acted out may well serve as a microcosm in which the whole history of mass exploitation by class is epitomized. The revolt of the tenants against their landlords would have been more decisive had not the Catholic clergy been so strongly opposed to active resistance. The tenants were rendered impotent by the strain of conflict between love of church and need of land. O'Flaherty scores this point forcefully, dramatizing the torn loyalties most vividly.

"Land" has a special significance at this particular moment when certain world powers (in a larger way) are playing the same sinister game of absentee landlordism. In all fairness to the man of Aran, one must admit that by comparison with a semi-classic much in the same genre, namely Maria Edgeworth's "The Absentee," published in 1811, "Land" is atomic. Readers of the future will consult the history books if they wish to ascertain the causes, dates, and facts of the tenants' revolt, but if they want to find out how the people actually involved really felt, thought, and reacted, they will turn to Liam O'Flaherty's "Land."

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Confusion Goes to College

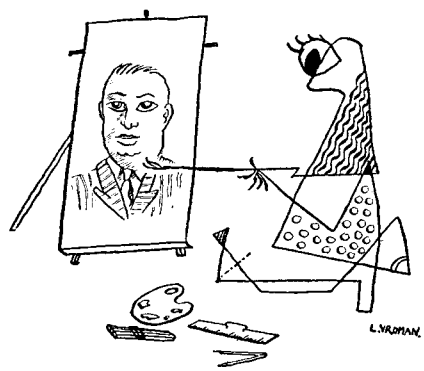
THAT HIDEOUS STRENGTH. By C. S. Lewis. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1946. 459 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by LEONARD BACON

OCCASIONALLY the reviewer has a comfortable feeling that he understands a book pretty well, but if any one were to accuse him of wholly comprehending Mr. Lewis's new novel, it would go hard but he would call such an ill-advised person a liar. "Out of the Silent Planet" was an engaging fantasy, "Perelandra" a delightful dream. "That Hideous Strength" is a ghastly but in many places a magnificent nightmare.

The substance of the tale is something like this. Mark Studdock, an ambitious, "realistic," and "progressive" fellow of Bracton College in the delightful little University of Edgestow, seeks advancement by standing in with those whom he conceives to be influential after the manner of the not too intelligent in armies, churches, and universities. Jane, his wife, who isn't too brilliant either but has natural sweetness and sincerity, is slowly being estranged from him because of his preoccupation with base academic politics and begins to suffer from terrifying visions which correspond with realities beyond her ken. Thus she sees a hideous scene in a prison when a scientist with a terrible countenance is decapitated. She is horrified to discover the dreadful face in a newspaper shortly after. And many things of the sort take place. Friends send her to a strange lady who more or less explains what is happening, which is no less than an attack on England in particular and mankind in general by the powers of evil. It develops that Jane's psychic capacities are of extreme importance to the little remnant of the righteous who have gathered under Ransome, the hero of Mr. Lewis's two planetary romances, to resist the machinations of Lord Feverstone, the Dicky Devine of "Out of the Silent Planet," and a group of the most truly shocking Behaviorists that ever conditioned a reflex.

The Behaviorists never miss a trick. In addition to being gross materialists who are organizing all sciences and techniques for their horrible purposes they go in for Art Magic as well. And the National Institute for Coördinated Experiment, otherwise known as the N.I.C.E., is directed by the "Head," the artificially revived head of the decapitated scientist whom Jane saw in vision. This ghastly loan from a Grand Guignol farce-tragedy of twenty years ago is horrifyingly exploited. The "Head" has many sources of the most recondite kinds of information, and among other things has discovered that Merlin, the Magician, lies not dead but sleeping in Bragdon Wood, which belongs to Bracton College. Naturally the powers of evil expect that, as a Magician in good standing, Merlin will be on their side when he wakes and are eager to get hold of him at the first opportunity. To this end the National Institute for Coördinated Experiments buys Bragdon Wood, Inigo Jones gate and all, from Bracton College, a shameful measure to which Mark Studdock, bemused by



vague but tremendous promises of greatness in the N.I.C.E.'s hierarchy, gives full assent. But the National Institute doesn't stop there. It lays violent hands not only on the college but on the university by methods well known in Germany but a little unreal even in postwar England.

Jane in the meanwhile keeps Ransome's remnant fully informed, in a series of opportune dreams, while her husband becomes the terrified slave of the N.I.C.E., now in the inmost circle, now in danger of his life because of minor deviations toward virtue. Naturally the N.I.C.E. doesn't like Jane's traffic with the enemy, and the pay-off comes when Studdock is informed that he must deliver his darling into the power of the dog. But this is too much even for the pliant Studdock. And things move too fast anyhow. Before the N.I.C.E. can get hold of Jane, Merlin wakes of his own accord and joins the little legion of light. The N.I.C.E. capture an itinerant tinker in his stead and have an awful time trying to get Art Magic out of him. Meanwhile the true Merlin and Ransome cook up an offensive. Merlin visits the head offices of the N.I.C.E. and takes away the power of rational speech from those dreadful Behaviorists. In the general confusion the experimental animals, including tigers, elephants, and dangerous snakes break loose, and an insufficiently disguised H. G. Wells, who is honorary director of the organization, is murdered by the female chief of the N.I.C.E. police. The sweet influences of Perelandra send down fire from Heaven upon Edgestow, the university that sold its birthright. All the wicked are liquidated. And all the virtuous (including a zoo-ful of symbolic beasts) except Ransome, who goes back to Perelandra to heal him of his wound, and to mate or remate with every evidence of complete satisfaction, and the fantasy ends on a note of triumph.

This flippant summary really doesn't summarize at all, for the sufficient reason that it is impossible to abridge the essence of abridgment which is symbolism. Mr. Lewis's myths often explain themselves in lightning flashes, as proper myths should even in obtuse times which have forgotten that dialectic. But though the main objectives are tolerably clear, the reviewer, who deeply sympathizes with Mr. Lewis's crusade against the hideous and ignorant strength of pseudo-scientific materialism, was a little bewildered here and there. He knew the lay of the land, but in the copses and dingles of the symbol-ridden sub-plots he got almost as lost as Mark Studdock himself.

In some respects the book isn't so exciting as the unloosed fantasies that Mr. Lewis has hitherto provided. The redemption of an intellectual opportunist seems cold mutton to the reviewer. It is hard to get excited about the vagaries of a young, insecure, and ambitious academic figure whose main concern is to get into some inner circle, any inner circle. Studdock is a sufficiently familiar type and is described with such precision as destroys sympathy. Perhaps the only figure that comes alive is the ghastly deputy director of the N.I.C.E., who derives his vitality from his deadness, and whose language is the Platonic Idea of those invertebrate circumlocutions which may be heard on the lips of any Chairman of any Committee.

But don't think for an instant that there isn't fun in this book. It's all over the place. Mr. Lewis, better at describing a scene or an episode than at making characters walk on their hind legs, nevertheless has his hand well in. Bracton College, the "sweet protestant place," is before us as if we were about to dine with the dons. The hunt of Ransome's remnant for the real Merlin while the villains capture the false one is vivid as a passage in Stevenson. And the terrific

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brawl when the N.I.C.E. comes under the curse of Babel and Merlin is as wild a party as heart could desire.

No one in the least susceptible to Mr. Lewis's conjurations (there are unfortunates who suffer from an allergy to his odd chemicals) can drop the book at all. And there have been several struggles for possession in the reviewer's household, in which contests altruism never lifted its horrid head. Mr. Lewis can tell a tale like a Welsh bard or a Scandinavian Skald. This may be his most necessary virtue, though not in the reviewer's opinion his greatest. What really counts is something else. An illustration will serve better than a bald statement. When Mr. Lewis, harking back to the world of Merlin, says that the mysterious Land of Logres, the Logres, of "Lancelot, or Pelleas, or Pellenore," far away in the beginning of time, is what keeps England from degenerating into Great Britain, he says what is fundamentally true and so magnificently full of important implication that it would take common clay a month to ferret out the full bearing of the observation.

This is just the sort of thing that pleases Mr. Lewis's admirers. And they are right to admire him. Win, lose, or draw—and the reviewer doesn't think that this book is wholly victorious—Mr. Lewis adds energy to systems he comes in contact with. Ransome, metamorphosed into a latter-day avatar of Arthur, may go a little wooden, an episode may lapse into the sentimental, the Eldils good and bad may have lost some of their original brightness, but the fantastic imagination still maintains its grip on a Wonderland, which, "different as it may be from that discovered by another Don," helps us to wild glimpses of truth concerning strange country which we take for granted and happen to inhabit.

Craftsman vs. Artist

ON THIS STAR. By Virginia Sorenson. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1946. 275 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by DALE L. MORGAN

VIRGINIA SORENSON has now written two "Mormon" novels, but I don't know anyone working with Mormon materials who is less classifiable as a Mormon novelist. That is both the defect and the peculiar merit of her work. Defect, because one has the sense that her stories are superimposed, not originating in the life itself; merit, because one feels in her work a clear note of universality independent of any peculiarities of background or narrow order of society. Her first novel, "A Little Lower Than the Angels," took a historical frame of reference, the rise and fall of Nauvoo, and endeavored to recreate convincing human beings living credible lives in a dramatic age. The book did not quite come off, and one reason, I think, is that the *Story* idiom is not well adapted to portraiture of an American life which is now a century gone, and which is removed by more than time from the temper of our own era. Moreover, Mrs. Sorenson's Nauvoo, a literary idea merely, was no source of support for her story.

In "On This Star" Mrs. Sorenson has come forward to nearly contemporary times, and now her method is valid, her insight true, and her people at home in the psychological complexities of their lives. This second novel is in all ways superior to the first, firmer in its grasp of people, more solidly grounded in reality, more perspicuous and more penetrating.

The setting of the book is the temple city of Manti in central Utah (though she chooses to call it simply "Temple City"), and the time is indicated to be the middle twenties. Whether her story be regarded as superimposed or no, her handling of the background is hardly short of superb, and one who would know why Mormonism has a continued social vitality need look no further than the pages of Mrs. Sorenson's novel. In the temple as in the irrigation ditch, her feeling for the Mormon way of life is appreciative, sensitive, and direct, with an admirable command of the detail and a fine insight into its meaning.

But if Virginia Sorenson is a celebrant of Mormonism, she is also an open-eyed critic. As only an accomplished novelist can, she gives us an understanding of those areas of human living where Mormonism is out of its depth, with neither language nor method to satisfy the unresting human soul which cannot be content with "revealed" simplicities. Her understanding of Mormonism is bred in the bone, but her appreciation of it, like her critical perspective upon it, is the product of her own vigorous intelligence.

"On This Star," it is time I began saying, is not so much a novel of Mormon life as a love story, a love story impassioned and star-crossed. In constructing her novel, Mrs. Sorenson burdens herself with the most grievous handicaps, yet she comes within a hair's breadth of bringing it off. We have seen how many times in fiction the situation of a girl loved by two brothers, and the brothers such conventional types as the sensitive young artist and the unimaginative, upstanding young farmer. Yet of this unpromising triangle Mrs. Sorenson has made a story original and frequently beautiful, persuading us that if such a situation has become a fictional commonplace, its recurrence reveals it as a universal theme with which it is entirely proper she should concern herself. Scene after scene is deeply felt and sensitively wrought, written on many levels of awareness. Some of her insights, her arresting turns of phrase, and the rhythms of her prose are startingly reminiscent of the young D. H. Lawrence, the Lawrence of "The White Peacock" and "Sons and Lovers," but with a singular reception of reality, a remarkable clarity of eye and mind, that is distinctively her own.

These are numerous and solid merits, quite enough for one who is content to read "On This Star" as a love story of more than average distinction. But one who feels that Mrs. Sorenson has larger capabilities than the purveying of love stories closes the book with a feeling of sharp disappointment, for in the end the novel is not realized even on its own terms. Through much of the book Mrs. Sorenson skates on thin ice, but such is her virtuosity that we are carried compellingly along almost to the end. At the very last, however, Mrs. Sorenson's technical devices undo both the author and her book. One is troubled to understand how she could have persuaded herself to hand over the final resolution of her story to an irrelevance like the vengeful third brother, Ivor, particularly when

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she has achieved a climax infinitely more meaningful and mature, the inadequacy of Chel Bowen's mind and soul to cope with a moment of climactic tragedy. The whole book has prepared us for this denouement, and, as a matter of fact, the required scene itself is written, in very large part. But not content with a resolution of her story on the basis of character, Mrs. Sorenson hangs the book on a convenient hook of stock tragedy and we are left to realize slowly that the whole business, after all, has been both grotesque and also, perhaps, a little absurd.

One begins by wondering whether the craftsman mastered the artist in Mrs. Sorenson, a specious craftsmanship which for the sake of binding things up in a neat package could overbear her better judgment. But one feels that there is something symptomatic in what happened to this novel. Mrs. Sorenson is not yet writing about life. She is writing stories about life. If she ever gets over the dividing line (and she gives us the dissatisfying sense that with her capabilities she should have done so, by now), we are going to have a novelist to reckon with.

Peace and War

ROAD TO CALVARY. By Alexei Tolstoy. Translated by Edith Bone. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. 1946. 885 *pp.* $4.50.

Reviewed by F. C. WEISKOPF

RUSSIAN writers have always been well aware of the cohesive power of a literary tradition which consciously links the present with the living roots of the past and tries to preserve the heritage of former generations by applying it in new ways.

"We all come out of Gogol's mantle." These jesting words of Ivan Turgeniev seem to have lost nothing of their underlying truth in the three quarters of a century that have elapsed since they were spoken. Of this, I was constantly reminded while reading "Road to Calvary," a broadly flowing trilogy, on which Alexei Tolstoy began work in 1919, at Paris, as a refugee from the Soviet Revolution, and which he finished in 1941, at Leningrad, as acknowledged dean of Soviet literature—only four years before he died, having lived long enough, though, to see his work printed in more than one million copies and awarded the Stalin Prize.

Yes, indeed, Alexei Tolstoy, too, comes out of the "mantle" of Russian classic literature. He comes in a very direct sense, being related, through his father, to Leo Tolstoy, and through his mother to Ivan Turgeniev. And he comes out in a literary sense as well. For his "Road to Calvary" combines, like "War and Peace," vast historical murals with precisely drawn portraits of individual human beings; and it deals, like "Fathers and Sons," with the dramatic conflict of two Russians, one revolutionary and the other conservative, taking sides with the former, yet fair to the latter.

The story begins in the early days of 1914, in St. Petersburg—a luminous city, living "a restless, cold, satiated, semi-nocturnal life: phosphorescent, crazy, voluptuous summer nights; sleepless winter nights; green tables and the clink of gold; music, whirling couples behind windows, galloping troikas, gipsies, duels at daybreak, ceremonial military parades to the whistling of icy winds and the squealing of fifes, before the terrifying gaze of the Byzantine eyes of an Emperor." It ends in the early days of 1920, in Moscow, the capital of an infant Soviet state staggering from the blows of White generals and foreign interventionists—a dirty, depopulated, freezing city where "people walked very slowly . . . dreamed of fat bacon or hard boiled eggs . . . but were all on the alert in their thoughts."

It is against the background of this stormy period (a background which, incidentally, at times fills the whole stage with grand spectacles of battles, flights, conspiracies, and revolts) that Alexei Tolstoy sets the fortunes of his main characters: the sisters Bulavin, Daria and Katia, and their lovers and subsequent husbands, Ivan Telegin, an engineer and later brigade commander in the Red Army, and Vadim Roshchin, a career officer, White Army volunteer, deserter to the left, and finally chief of staff of his brother-in-law. Around these four swarm dozens of major and minor secondary characters: writers, revolutionary workers, anarchistic actors, liberal lawyers, ambitious small-town doctors playing ministers, peasants, Cossacks, black marketeers, partisans, and bandits, Red Army men and White Cadets, British emissaries, Soviet commissars, counter-revolutionary generals. Figures from the pages of history also make their appearance: Rasputin, Makhno, Denikin—Lenin, Budenny, and Stalin.

Divided and reunited, and again divided and reunited through the vicissitudes of war and through their changing opinions and sympathies during the revolution, the sisters and their men are—once again, as their literary predecessors—in search of the truth. Only times have progressed—social orders have crumbled, Russia is not any more what she used to be when "War and Peace," "Fathers and Sons" and "Anna Karenina" were written, and under these radically altered circumstances Alexei Tolstoy leads his heroes to solutions radically different from Anna's suicide, Bazarov's nihilistic despair, or Pierre's and Levin's retirement into the role of country squires experimenting with agrarian reforms. Listening amidst a hungry crowd in a cold hall to the "staggering but entirely practicable prospects" of an electrification project, Roshchin says:

> Can you see now how purposeful all our efforts . . . all our torments have become? We shall rebuild the world, a better world. All these people here in this hall are willing to give their lives for that. And this is not mere words, they can show you the scars and the blue marks of bullets. And this is happening here, in my country.

Full of action, full of incidents (some idyllic, some violent, and some as incredible as life in time of war and revolution), "Road to Calvary" has in it something of the sea, that truly epic element: sometimes it terrifies one, sometimes one is almost lost on the immense surface, sometimes there are gales and sometimes calms; but always there is the wide horizon and the unending rhythm of motion, of life.

Alexei Tolstoy "comes out of the 'mantle' of Russian classic literature."

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Strictly Personal

FISH RUN

THE young captain waded out into the river until the water sloshed around his knees. The corduroy trousers clung stickily to his legs. You knew he had been a captain because the shoulders of the brown leather jacket still bore the faded imprint of two bars which had been sewn there and then ripped off. He dipped the net he had rented from a farmer up the bank for fifty cents an hour. The cold stream tugged at it for a moment, and the captain lifted it with a quick jerk. Twenty-five or thirty squirming fish wiggled in the bottom of the net.

The captain swung the net toward shore, where four of his companions sat on the rocks which lined the Sandy. One of them emptied the net into the bottom of a rusty wash-boiler. The fish thumped spasmodically against the metal and lay still. The captain looked at the river again, saw a school of smelt, and thrust the net back into the current. Once more he came up with a scoopful of fish.

"Izaak Walton—that's me!" he said triumphantly.

"Nice going, pal," said one of the others.

In half an hour the big wash-boiler was full of fish. A few fell over the side onto the rocky beach. The captain's companions made no effort to pick them up. Soon the captain waded ashore. "Damn, but that water's cold," he said.

"It oughta be," said one of the others. "The glaciers are only twenty miles away. It's ice water—free."

"I'm glad something is free these days," said the captain. "The ice water and these fish. That's all I've had free since the Army mailed me the last hundred bucks on my three hundred mustering-out pay."

He took off his G. I. leather shoes and poured a little torrent out of them onto the ground. His drenched socks he slapped against a rock. His feet were a numb white from the water of the mountain river. I walked down the bank a few feet and handed him a towel which my wife and I had brought with us.

"Here, captain," I said. "You'd better use this."

He looked at me curiously. "Thanks, pal," he said. He turned to his companions. "That's three things free today—the ice water, the fish, and now our pal here gives me a towel. I guess this is my lucky day."

Then he saw the discharge button in the pocket buttonhole of my blue flannel shirt. "My gosh," he said, "some of you fellows wear that ruptured duck on everything but your shorts. What's the matter? Afraid someone'll wonder where you were when the lights went out?"

I didn't know whether to reply indignantly or to be quiet. The captain solved the decision for me by keeping on with his dialogue. "Don't mind me, pal," he continued reassuringly. "I guess I don't mean half I say. You wouldn't think it, the way I take care of myself, but I'm a doctor. Yes, sir, flight surgeon, Eighth Air Force, and all o' that. Yet here I am, standing in ice water with my pants on, dipping out smelt for these lazy good-for-nothings."

He waved an arm toward his companions.

The doctor stopped talking. No one said anything. Far up the river a train whistled. The rock walls caught the long shrill warning and tossed it back and forth between the cliffs. Finally one of the doctor's friends spoke. "Don't mind him, mister," he said to me. "He's just got a sorehead on. That's why we let him cool his feet in the river. We figured that maybe it would calm him down."

"Why aren't you practising, doctor?" I asked.

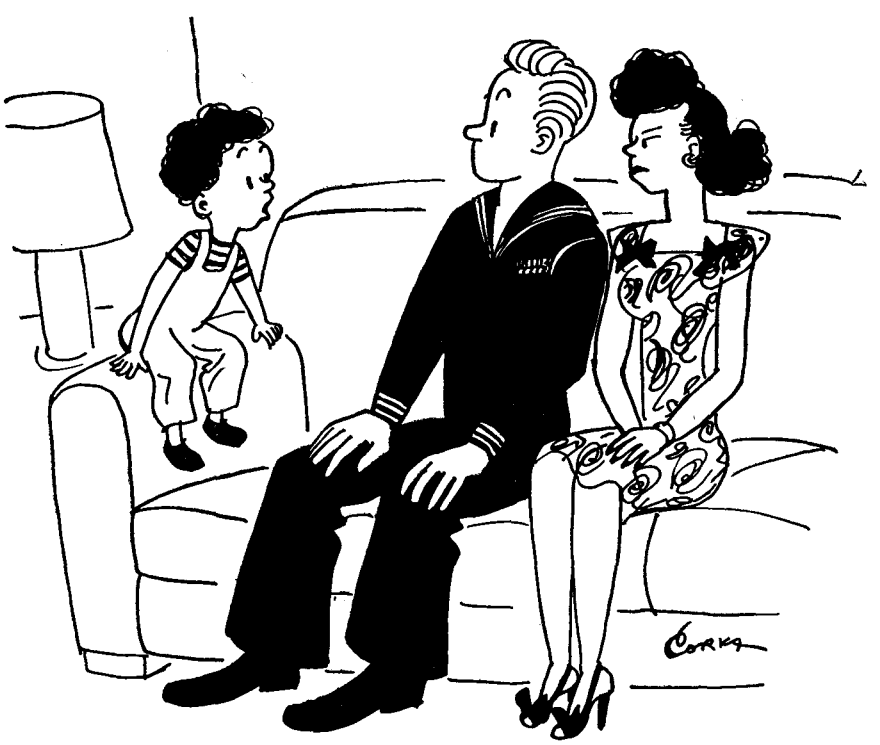
"How do you know I'm not?"

"Well, in the first place," I answered, "this is a week day. Secondly, most of the doctors I know wouldn't risk catching a cold the way you have, for fear they'd pass it on to their patients."

"Regular Sherlock, huh, pal?" he asked. "O.K. You asked a straight question. I'll give you a straight answer."

HE finished drying his numb feet and wrapped them in our towel. He lit a match on his thumbnail and puffed a cigarette.

"Sure I'm a surgeon," the doctor said. "Practised in Portland six years. The building where I had my office said there'd be lots of room for me when I came home from war. I was one of the suckers—I mean patriots—who went in before Pearl Harbor. But Portland filled up when the shipyards came to town. That changed things. Only one office building in the whole town saved space for the doctors and dentists who went to war. I wasn't in that building. My old landlord gave me the neatest brush-off you ever saw when I got back. Oh, sure, he had a lot of guff about my ribbons and hash marks. But give me back my office? Don't be silly. Business is business, isn't it? Someone had been in my office for four and a half years. He paid a lot more rent



"How rapidly does the barometer fall at Kiska? Do your LST's have gyroscopes? What formation did your destroyer escort follow? What type of air cover did you have?"

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than I had. The landlord wasn't going to bounce him to make room for me."

The doctor flipped the butt of his cigarette into the river. We watched it bob downstream toward the Columbia.

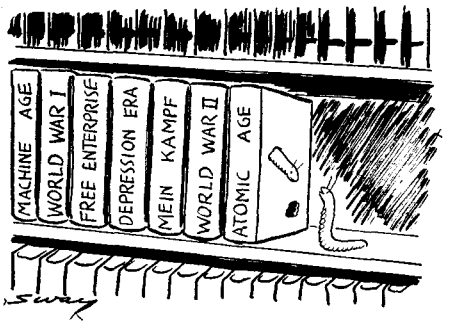
"Well, I didn't have an office," he continued. "Some of my friends suggested I practise from my house. You know, like the abortionists and the muscle massagers used to do. That was a laugh, too. I didn't have a house, either. My wife and I tried to buy one. There was a little place we liked. The real-estate agent wanted $17,000 for it. We could swing about half that much. The appraiser from the Veterans' Administration valued it at $7,500. So there we were."

The train whistle sounded again—nearer now. The doctor waited while the lava walls played billiards with the echo.

"So we bought a piece of ground on the edge of town," he continued. "It cost us $1,000. It would have been $250 before the war. We got a friend to draw up a few plans and we started out to build a house. I got a double-H priority, all right. That was easy. 'Everything for the ex-service man,' they said. 'Oh, yes, sir, captain, full provision has been made for you.' It sounded fine. But it was another run-around. We couldn't lay hands on enough materials to build a chair, let alone a house. Well, I guess that was understandable enough. Then I began to roam around town."

THE captain flipped a pebble into the river with a savage gesture. We watched a school of smelt nibbling at the shoal where he had been standing. "I roamed around town," the captain repeated. "What did I see? They were putting up a race-track. I heard it was costing $550,000. The son of a bank president was head of the racing outfit. The bank was putting up a new branch. New beer parlors and taverns were strung along every road. Automobile agencies, photographic studios, appliance shops—they were under construction everywhere. I wandered through some of the construction. They were using all the things my wife and I couldn't get for a house—two-by-fours, faucets, pipe, wiring, conduits, light switches, toilets, and all the rest."

A dull roar filled the riverbed, and the freight train we had heard whistle burst through the evergreen trees along the bank and rolled across the truss bridge that spanned the Sandy. We watched the snorting 2-4-1 locomotive and the string of cars that rolled behind it. One of the doctor's companions counted them—sixty-two. The train crossed the bridge. Its clattering noise ebbed in the distance. Only plumes of smoke, clinging to the bridge girders, remained to indicate its swift passage.



"Santa Fe," said the doctor. "Some of those cars were Santa Fe. I used to see 'em in Texas. That's where I had my first Army assignment. I've learned a lot since then. When I was there, I read all the doctors' propaganda against labor. I believed all the cruel things the Texans said about the colored people. I even remember coming up here on the Sandy to fish for smelt one year and being sore because a few Nez Perce Indians were hauling out more than I was. Imagine that! I wondered what right those Indians had to bring in fish. Maybe I even wondered why they didn't go back where they came from."

The doctor gave a hollow little laugh and lit another cigarette. "I've learned plenty, pal," he said. "I know where my own good rests, and I know it isn't with the folks who filled me with race hatred and all the bushwa about what they were going to do for me when I got out of the Army. I used to think this so-called state medicine was about as evil as Judas Iscariot. I guess I'd be willing to give it a try now. I'd have a place to practise, I know that. And maybe I'd have a lot of patients who really needed my help."

The doctor dragged heavily on his smoke and got to his feet. "I guess I'd better give you back your towel," he said. "I've kept you and your wife here a long time while I've shot off my face, anyhow."

"Your shoes are still wet," said my wife. "We'll drive you back to town."

She hesitated a minute and continued. "We go into town over the Hawthorne Bridge. That's right by the courthouse. We're registering to vote this afternoon. Maybe your shoes will be dry enough by then, so you can go in with us."

"Sure I will," the doctor said. "Only this time I can tell you one thing. I'm not registering Republican. I can tell you that."

RICHARD L. NEUBERGER.

Mr. Neuberger is on the staff of The Oregonian *in Portland and a member of the Oregon legislature.*

The Sea Was All

By Robert P. Tristram Coffin

AS I climbed the hill, the sea climbed, too,
Till over me was nothing but blue.

The higher I went mounting up,
The deeper was I in a cup.

Cup of a morning-glory's bell.
Deep down white houses, white ships fell.

The white was now in under me,
Around me thunder-blue of sea.

The needle of each church's steeple
Sank down and down, the white-faced people.

The houses were cubes and children's blocks
And blown dust all the high sea-hawks.

The sharp sloops sailing up the tides
Slid lower down the cup's blue sides.

The sea was all, was all there was,
Space shrivelled up, I felt time pause.

Words and love far, far beneath
And I above the need to breathe.

I a bee with star-wide room,
Lost in the ocean's azure bloom.

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NEITHER FISH, NOR FLESH, NOR GOOD RED HERRING

THAT is what educators seem to be saying about literature in English in the university curriculum. They admit that good writing in English should be taught, although they have vague, conflicting, and sometimes weird ideas as to how to do it. One reason being that some mean correct writing, and some good writing, which are by no means necessarily the same thing. But there are almost as many ideas as to what the teaching of English or American literature should consist of as there are leading educators in the humanities. A quarter of a century ago, in a well-staffed college or university, there would be a half dozen teachers of English each teaching his subject with a different purpose in view. For one, it was social history. For another, it was the interpretation of character as seen through the imagination. For a third, it was textual criticism. For a fourth, it was the art of esthetics illuminated by a study of technique. It can be doubted whether all this made much difference, provided the teacher was good enough, and had enthusiasm as well as knowledge at his command. There are many doors to a cathedral, and which way you enter is not important, provided it is a cathedral and not just a warehouse of print.

But it is certainly true that this lack of a unified objective does make a difference—a vast difference—now. The Roman who had substituted, by the fifth century, exercise at the baths for the science of arms, was helpless when the barbarians overran his pleasant villas and luxurious cities. Now the humanities are in the same unhappy position, though we shall not be so uncomplimentary (or foolish) as to call science and technology barbarous. Yet these humanities, which carry in an essence distilled by the imagination our inherited culture, are challenged, are threatened. It is not difficult to prove that the present world crisis has come about because civilized man has let his power over things outrun his control of his own reason. But that obvious truth by itself will never stop our decline toward barbarism. We who believe in the heart and the mind and the soul (to use the old terms) quite as firmly as and far more hopefully than in airplanes, bombs, and television, must take the offensive again, as did Augustine in the wreck of worldly power and progress in the fifth century.

An article is soon to appear in this review by the distinguished scholar Paul Schrecker. In it he describes how difficult it is for one nation really to understand another, until knowledge of both the resemblances and the differences has passed into the imagination. Only then can there be understanding because only then can one national feel what another national feels when he speaks or acts. And he quotes a famous French statement to the effect that no idea is really French until it has been embodied in French literature.

But precisely this, so it seems, is the prime objective if we are to teach our native literatures aggressively in the hoped-for and essential renaissance of the humanities. And to this objective all others must be contributory. If we have become technologically minded; if we have become ethically confused; if an intoxicating power over nature has taken the wheel and is driving the airplane of civilization towards disaster while we passengers boast of the speed; why then no reasoning as such, no ethical system as such, no pointings of history, are likely to be strong enough to reach the public mind. Unless that public mind is once again warmed by the imagination. Which usually means by literature—literature of the past as well as of the present, since we are speaking of what lifts and clears and aides and warms the mind until it can be reached by convincing argument and sober fact.

And for us Americans, this means particularly literature in English. Except for the few great translations which may be called English literature, such as the English Bible, the language itself is here of vital importance. Words and rhythms are the solvents of the imagination and for full effect they must be ours. The best of Milton for us is incomparably more important than the best of Homer in translation (not that Homer should be excluded). An American youth can absorb more of the essential for the need here described from Shakespeare or Whitman or Thoreau than any foreigner except the most gifted poet or profound scholar, even though the ideas and the philosophy slip over the adolescent head. The word in literature carries with it emotions and associations far beyond its plain meaning. But for full effect it has to be our word.

It is not a question of ways and means here, but of ultimate objective. In the curriculum of colleges and universities we must be teaching the *language* of ideas, of life, of imagination, in every way we can possibly devise.

Because, the best thought and emotion and ideas, the reasoning processes, the brilliant perceptions, the reflections and interpretation of things past—all these have been absorbed, or will be absorbed, in literature. And they transmit to the imagination of the reader through words, *his* words. For all but the most gifted man, it his own speech that sinks deepest into his consciousness.

Literature, from this point of view, is the key to all the humanities, as well as a humanity itself, and makes them viable for both the emotions and the imagination. The key also to more than the humanities. It was not the theology, or the ethics of the Renaissance, or the craving of masses recently emancipated from the disciplines of the Middle Ages, which transformed England for good and for ill, and which gave ethical, and in some degree political and economic direction, to the great American experiment. These lay behind, but the prime cause was a book but recently made familiar, and widely read from high to low. It was the English Bible. And the English Bible shaped the mass imagination because it was literature—not only Hebrew literature, but literature in great English. "The Word was God," but it was also our Word which spoke to the roots of our being.

H. S. C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dorothy Thompson as Reviewer

SIR: I have no quarrel with *Scribner's* for publishing Victor Kravchenko's "I Chose Freedom," nor with you for reviewing it. I think it was your obligation to do so. My quarrel with you is your choice of reviewer.

The book, as Miss Thompson says, is truly dynamite. If the Soviet Union is as Mr. Kravchenko paints it and Miss Thompson touches it up, then an accommodation between the Western World and the Soviets is no more possible than it was with Hitler, and war is the only alternative. It is therefore imperative that books like "I Chose Freedom" be subjected to expert, balanced, and judicious appraisal, by people as free as possible from pro- or anti-Soviet bias.

Does Miss Thompson's review even remotely approach such an appraisal? Here is a man who in the midst of the greatest crisis of his own country, and ours, abandons it and issues a statement of denunciation which must have made Goebbels's heart glad. Miss Thompson does not find much to trouble her in that. She adopts everyone of Kravchenko's charges and adds a few of her own. For example, she does not see the absurdity of repeating his assertion that the government "was grossly negligent of its duty to prepare for defense" against the Nazi attack and she has no hesitation in trotting out the faded canards that the agrarian reforms introduced "a system of serfdom more terrible and more inescapable than that of the prerevolutionary czars and barons" and that the masses live "on a sub-Balkan level" and are "kept down in their complaints by the knout." About the only charges Miss Thompson has omitted are those relating to "free love" and "Moscow gold."

Now you could not have been wholly innocent of Miss Thompson's recent writings, particularly in her columns, on the Soviet Union. Surely you knew that she has taken a place in the forefront of the holy crusade against the Russians and that, wittingly or not, she is doing her fair share of promoting the kind of intellectual and spiritual climate which makes accord impossible. I think it was outrageous for you to have offered Miss Thompson a forum for her hysterical tirade against our great ally.

I can imagine how withering would be your high-born scorn for anybody who had the temerity to suggest that the book be assigned to, say, William Z. Foster or the editor of the *Daily Worker*. But apparently you found nothing to trouble your scruples in assigning it to a lady whose prejudices are no less violent. It all depends, I suppose, on whose prejudices are being disgorged.

DAVID L. WEISSMAN.

New York, N. Y.

Only Real Ghosts Need Apply

SIR: The undersigned is engaged in collecting material for an extensive anthology of ghost stories, which will be a kind of companion volume to his "Fireside Book of Christmas Stories," published in 1945; he would, therefore, be glad to hear from lovers of the ghost story who have particular favorites that they would like to see included.

I am trying, in general, to avoid stories which have been anthologized in the United States before, but this is not an absolute rule. Naturally I have a special interest in out-of-the-way material which I might otherwise possibly miss.

It should be noticed that my anthology will be made up of *ghost stories* specifically, not terror tales or supernatural stories in general.

EDWARD WAGENKNECHT.

1721 Chancellor Street
Evanston, Ill.

" . . . Got it in Brooklyn for next to nothing."

Mr. Wright Protests

SIR: A review of my book "My Father Who Is on Earth," by Ely Jacques Kahn, which appeared in your April 13th issue, has just been brought to my attention by one of your subscribers—a woman who is the principal of a school for which I was the architect. This woman read "My Father Who Is on Earth" and felt that Mr. Kahn's review of it was an outrageous misrepresentation of what the book contained as well as an insult to what she feels is my ability as an architect.

It is not my feeling to take issue with a reviewer, nor have I ever done so. But when the reviewer, as in this case, is an architect, and steps so far out of his role as to write: "It would appear actually that the son, in spite of the glamor of having known Louis Sullivan . . . and later through his contact with his father, actually obtained little more than surface ripples from these great men," and then selects four of the "papa" lines from 60,000 words for his only quotation to prove his assumption, it becomes my duty and right to defend myself.

Mr. Kahn could have quoted from my book what would have shown some understanding of "the steel frame under the velvet skin of Frank Lloyd Wright." One such passage in "My Father Who Is on Earth" reads:

"I thought deeply of Mr. Sullivan's words. I couldn't help but hook up his idea of ordinary spirit and the spirit of genius with Dad. When I first worked for Dad I observed that he was convinced that a Source existed which by its very nature produced ideas in the mind that could be reproduced in the world. The rejection of ignorance did not faze him. He concentrated on the intelligence that accepted it. The ordinary spirit labeled his efforts as striving for the impossible. But Dad's was no ordinary spirit. In the face of discouragement he was driven on by the urge to bring forth his inner vision. He would focus his attention on his objective, undaunted by criticism, and make his dreams come true. His faculties were always alert. To watch him at work was to watch, not the ordinary spirit, but the spirit of God, turned into use by man."

If Mr. Kahn did not like this passage he had many others of a similar nature from which to choose.

Thank you if you will allow your readers to get this glimpse of what I feel is their right as well as mine—in the circumstances.

JOHN LLOYD WRIGHT.

Michigan City, Ind.

Viewer With Alarm

SIR: The Grand Guignol frenzy which has taken so grim a hold on fiction is appalling and unhealthy. Horror succeeds horror, not in the entertaining manner of the mystery novel, but with a verbosity that is feverish and enervating. Even so good a writer as Phyllis Bottome is hectic and unbalanced in her wordy book "The Life Line," but to a less degree than Mary Jane Ward and her "Snake Pit." To these writers and others with similar interests, the digging down into the abnormal consciousness of men and women seems as pleasant as Daphne du Maurier's exploits with a shovel to find, so the

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advertisement blurb explains, the hidden dungeon on her property in England. At least Daphne du Maurier's effort is healthy. She probably ends each day in a fine sweat. One wonders where Mary Jane Ward will end up, or if Phyllis Bottome may not one day be found winding snakes in her hair and chewing on an old shin bone.

Depravity in all shapes and forms seeps from the pages of novels today without the distinction the French writers developed in their works. Today nothing is left to the imagination, and the garrulity of writers is offensive. "Written on the Wind" blows its putrid gale beyond three hundred pages. Mary Roland throws tons of unsanitary sand into the polluted fictional air we are all breathing in "The Single Pilgrim." And see how joyfully the publishers launch her graphic chronicle of sin. "The doctor told her: 'You have syphilis,'" reads the ad. "This outspoken novel will stir you as few others!" Indeed the publishers are right. It does stir us that so much time and paper should have been spent on such a theme.

These are but a few examples of the sort of fare now offered for consumption. Syphilis, insanity, depravity, perversion. The shades of Count de Sade must quiver with rage that he does not live today, and all the fine distinction enjoyed by Fanny Hill for so many years is snowed under by the frank exposition of today's sex freedom. It's hard on them. It's hard on all of us. Can't something be done about it?

MAUDE BEAMISH.

Harrisburg, Pa.

Dickens's Son Francis

SIR: I hope that Mr. Frederic Babcock, the reviewer of Dame Una Pope-Hennessy's "Charles Dickens" [*SRL*, April 13], is better informed about Charles Dickens than he is about the son of Charles Dickens who died in Moline, Ill. Inspector Francis Jeffrey Dickens was anything but a "ne'er-do-well"; and to describe him as a "hell-raiser" is ridiculous. He was for a number of years district superintendent of the Bengal Police; and from 1876 to 1886 he was an inspector of the Royal North West Mounted Police. No one could last for ten years as a senior officer of the R.N.W.M.P. unless he was a man of respectable character.

Your reviewer, however, excels himself when he says that Charles Dickens, when notified in England that Francis Dickens had died in Moline, Ill., "refused to claim the body." Charles Dickens died in 1870, sixteen years before the death of Francis Dickens.

Even a newspaper man like Mr. Babcock might be expected to have some regard for the facts.

W. S. WALLACE
Librarian
University of Toronto Library,
Toronto, Ont.

SIR: Before writing my review I checked and rechecked, as carefully as I could, the facts regarding Charles Dickens and his family. This involved talks and correspondence with surviving members as well as digging into old-time records and newspaper files. Several of the Dickenses went out of their way to obtain authentic data for me.

If Mr. Wallace had read my review more carefully he might have noted that I made no claims to being a Dickens scholar; that I set forth: "It has been claimed, *but not proved,* that he (Francis Jeffrey Dickens) was disowned by his father"; and also set forth: "Not all the loose ends can be tied together. Some facts have been long since either buried or forgotten." Furthermore, I quoted Dr. Edward Wagenknecht, Dickens authority, to this effect: "I don't know about the son; certainly I have never come across anything to indicate that his father disowned him."

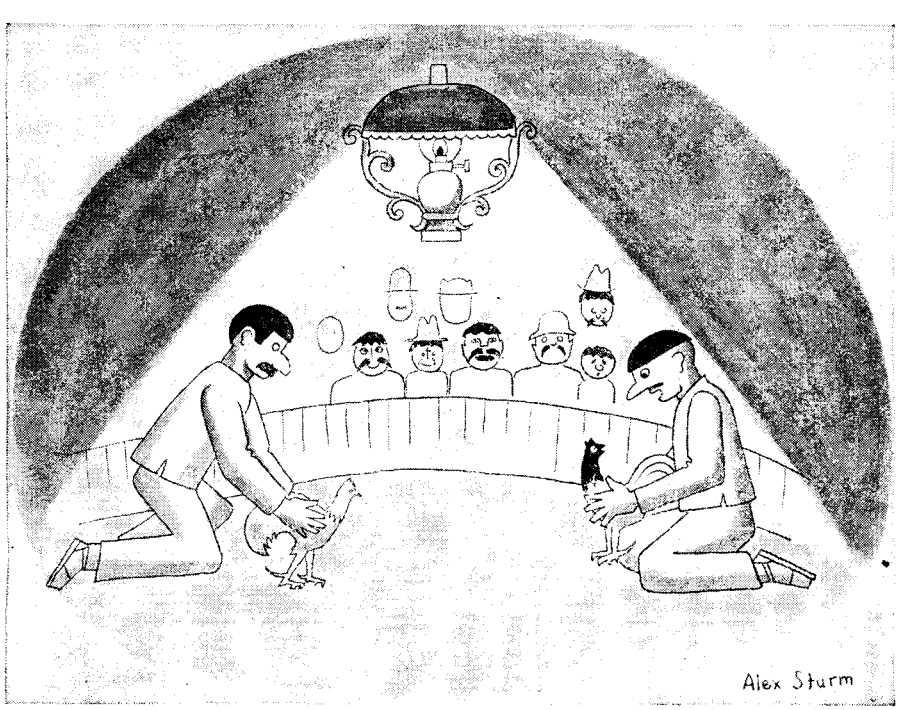
It is only natural, in a case closed sixty years ago, that the recollections of various persons concerned should differ. There is little point, at this late date, in arguing about the character or reputation of Francis Jeffrey Dickens; that wasn't my thesis. I have been assured, by those who know much more about the subject than I do—and perhaps even more than Mr. Wallace does—that the son's career was substantially as I outlined it.

It is obvious, in the light of what your correspondent writes, that information given me by responsible citizens of Moline, Illinois, was erroneous. If I were a writer for the Encyclopedia Britannica—or a librarian such as Mr. Wallace—I might have had more time in which to check this information. As it was, I did what any good newspaper man does: I made every effort to get at the truth. Naturally, I regret that I allowed one error to creep in. But I still believe that—in view of the way much of the Dickens story has become clouded by time—my account was as accurate as it was possible to make it with the facilities available.

As for Mr. Wallace's supercilious remark, "Even a newspaper man like Mr. Babcock might be expected to have some regard for the facts," I could suggest, were I so disposed, that sneers tossed across the border do not help to promote international amity. Instead, I send him my greetings, and my thanks for calling attention to an unintentional error.

FREDERIC BABCOCK

Chicago, Ill.



"Must I?"

The Poke Is Taken

SIR: I don't know whether a mere frequenter of rental libraries like me merits your attention or not (how *do* rental libraries affect book sales, anyway?), but it seems to me that what I have to say might come somewhere within *SRL's* catholic province.

Do you agree that most of us choose a book by author rather than by title? Then why this deadly habit of arranging them in the rental libraries alphabetically by title? If I were a writer, I'd protest; I'm not, and I do anyway. Titles are relatively meaningless and frequently absurd. Authors, on the other hand, deserve at least the compliment of being recalled by name. And finally, how can we tell what else a writer has published without scanning every shelf or asking the librarian? Who is responsible for such a silly system? Do take a poke at 'em.

JOAN REMSEN.

Mt. Kisco, N. Y.

Identical Twins?

SIR: The deuteragonist sulks in the wings
And will not play his part:
"Two* protagonists on one stage
Is not what I call art."

*And the number is increasing hourly.

PEARL YOUNG.

St. Augustine, Fla.

Reviewords

SIR: Other critics who leave me cold
Are those who say that plots *unfold.*

HOWARD WHITNEY.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

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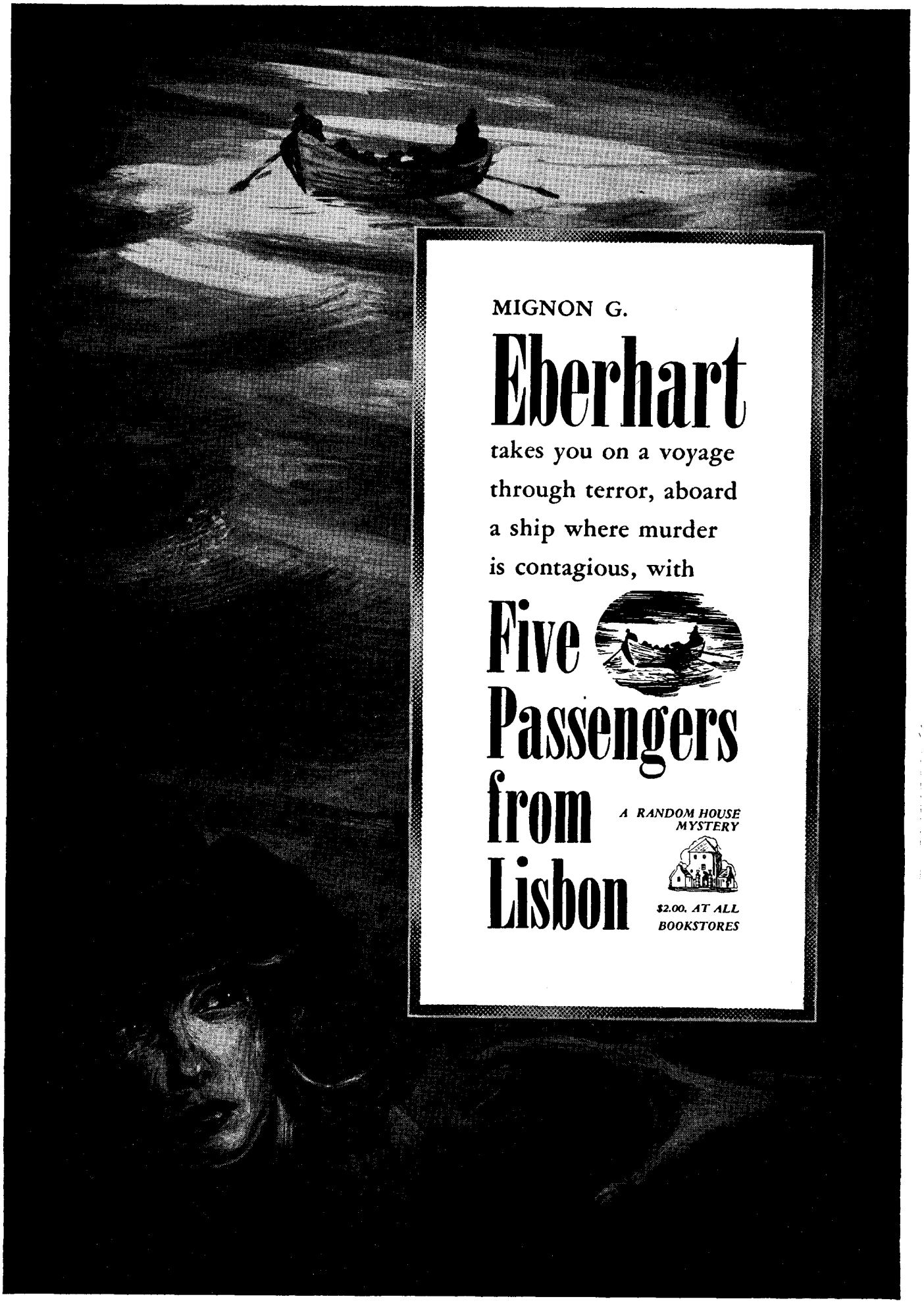

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TRADE Winds

THE LAST TIME I encountered Anthony Bump, the urbane midtown book publisher, he was bound for Jacksonville by plane, and I noticed at once that his famed serenity and happy-go-lucky manner had given way to a nervous irritability that bordered on downright rudeness.

"Don't mind me," said Tony, shrewdly divining my thoughts. "I'm headed for a vacation that I need very badly. Two weeks lying on my can in the hot sun will bake this grumpiness out of me. It's just that book publishing isn't the fun it used to be. Too much strain. Too many war-bloated smart alecks trying to chisel into your act. Too many little things going wrong all the time."

"Like what?" I asked.

"The telephone," said Tony. "It rings from the minute I come into the office until they close the switchboard for the night. Usually it means trouble. It's gotten so that every time I hear that damn bell ring, every nerve in my body tenses, I close my fists, and feel like bashing somebody in the nose."

"You could always have the operator say you're in conference."

"What the hell good does that do? They leave messages, and you simply have to call them back later. Besides, that 'in conference' gag never has set well with me. I always picture the guy who pulls it trying to make time with his secretary behind the closed door of his private office."

"Dont wax too autobiographical," I warned. "Your business is in good shape, isn't it?"

"Sure," said Tony. "That is, I suppose it is. Record sales every month. Although we never seem to have any cash. Overhead going up like mad. Postwar expansion all over our joint and everybody else's. What's going to happen to the whole over-extended bunch of us when the bubble finally bursts? You tell me!"

"I've spoken to several retail dealers lately. They're doing O.K."

"Retail dealers," jeered Tony. "They don't take a penny's risk any more. If they think they're overbought on a title—bingo, back they send it for credit, without so much as a by-your-leave. Last week one bird sent back an unopened carton of a book we published ten days before. I told him, 'That book has a full-page ad in the *Times* next Sunday' and he answered, 'What hasn't?' I guess we ought to be grateful if the dealers take the trouble to pack their returns carefully."

Tony was getting an unhealthy flush on his cheeks, so I tried to soothe him. "Anyhow, your manufacturing problems are easing."

"That's a laugh," said Tony. "When a binder comes into our office nowadays, the receptionist has orders to start doing a strip tease for him. Printers must have learned the definition of 'word of honor' from 'Mein Kampf.' One of our big books came through within a month of schedule last week and we got it on the stands so fast that columnist—what's his name again?—didn't even have time to get the title and author mixed up."

"You're not getting away a minute too soon," I decided. "I met an agent at '21' last night, and he told me you were roaring around worse than Harold Ross."

"Don't get me started on agents," warned Bump. "Some of those agents are getting so self-important they take it as a personal insult if a publisher dares to talk directly to one of his authors. I asked one of our top writers out to the house the other day and wondered if I had to get his agent's permission! Some of them won't even let us use our own contract form any more—although we paid a stiff legal fee to have it drawn up, and then got it approved by the Authors' League. But let me tell you the hottest one yet. An author we carried through four losing books finally hit the jackpot last year on the first of a new two-book deal with us. In walks his agent the other day and tells us some other publisher has offered this bird a ten-thousand-dollar advance and a ten-thousand-dollar advertising guarantee. 'Under the circumstances,' says the agent, 'I'm sure you won't hold the author to his old contract.' Boy, did I see red! 'In other words,' I said calmly (at least, *I* thought I was calm—but later I found out they heard me two blocks away), 'these contracts that you fight out with us to the last comma are only binding on the publisher, and the author can tear them up whenever he gets a better offer.' 'Well, I suppose you're legally entitled to your pound of flesh,' says the agent, 'but it's the first time I ever heard of a publisher holding an author against his will!'"

Tony Bump was so excited that he tried to jump from his seat, quite forgetting that he was strapped in for the landing at Washington. At the beautiful airport there he cooled down a bit. "Some agents are fine," he admitted. "They realize that publishers have certain rights as well as their clients. But the others—wow, wow!"

Back in the air, Tony worked around to the subject of authors. "We have the least trouble with our real headliners," he said, smiling for the first time. "They know we're working for a big hit just as hard as they are. It's the babies who have made one ten-strike that we can't please. And the ones who have been feasting on that easy dough in Hollywood. One of them sashayed into our offices last week with a book that sold two thousand copies five years ago and has been out of print since 1942. 'I'd like you to bring out a new edition,' he suggested. 'What would be the point?' I asked. 'We haven't had a demand for a single copy in two years, if I remember correctly.' 'That's about the answer I expected,' said the author coldly. 'It would be a good thing if you publishers remembered just once in a while there's something else in life besides the almighty dollar.' 'Listen!' I yelled. 'I'm getting mighty sick of conceited birds like you turning out trash in Hollywood for three thousand dollars a week, and then coming back to New York for a month to tell everybody else he's money mad and has lost his ideals.'"

"Did you really say that?"

"Not exactly," admitted Tony. "I said it to the mirror when I was shaving that night. But I *should* have said it—and damn it, next time I *will*."

The stewardess was beginning to serve lunch, and I figured I had heard enough of Anthony Bump's troubles. "I understand some Wall Street syndicate is trying to buy you out and float a stock issue," I said. "Why don't you take the money, and quit this book publishing headache?"

"Are you crazy?" cried Tony. "I *love* it." . . .

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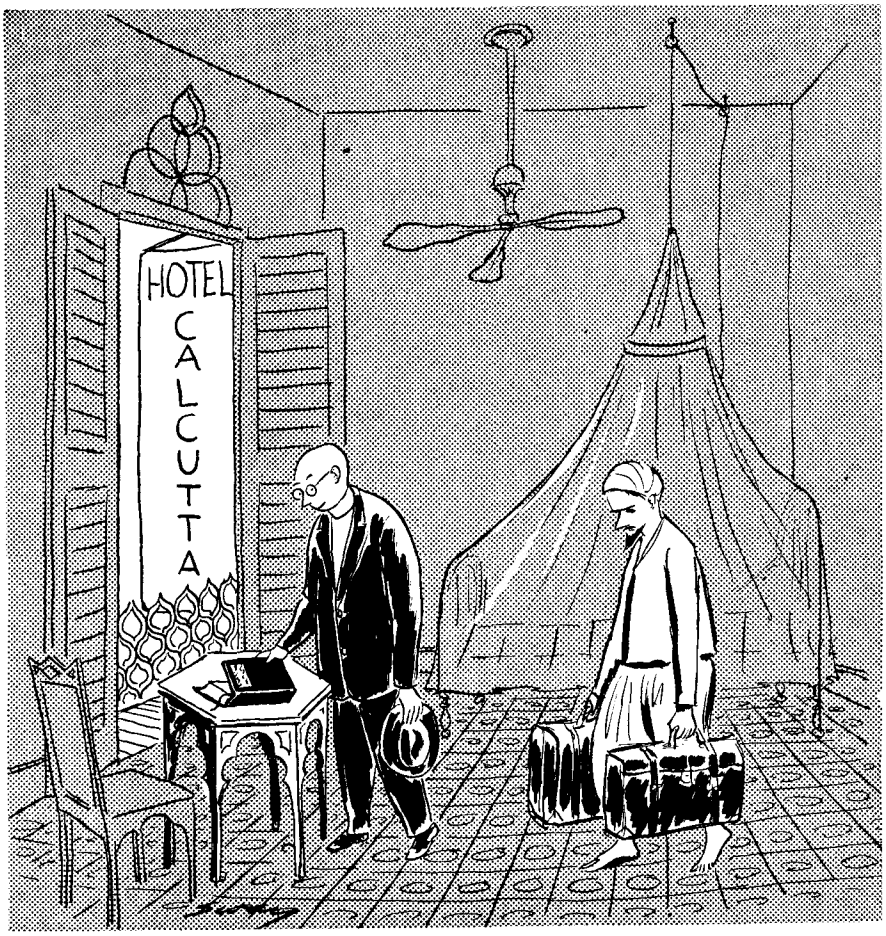


"Well, look what's here . . . the Bhagavad-Gita."

ONE OF the great motion pictures of our times will be released in America soon, and has indeed already been showing at the Esquire Theatre in Boston. It is Laurence Olivier's technicolor production of Shakespeare's "Henry V," made in England. The battle of the knights of Britain and France at Agincourt is so breath-taking that one wonders if only now the true medium has been discovered for best portraying Shakespeare.

Others who were thrilled at the private showing of this superb picture included Irita Van Doren and Belle Rosenbaum of the *Herald Tribune*, and Lewis Galantiere and his beautiful wife. Later we stopped at a restaurant, far too stimulated to go straight home, and Lewis quoted a line of Ring Lardner's after a visit to Paducah to interview Irvin Cobb. "Mr. Cobb took me into his library," reported Lardner, "and showed me his books, of which he has a complete set."

IRITA VAN DOREN then told a choice story she had heard from David C. Mearns, of the Library of Congress. When President and Mrs. Coolidge left Washington for one of their summer vacations, the White House was renovated from top to bottom. A wire from Vermont revealed the fact that they were coming back the next day—a full week ahead of schedule—and a harried caretaker called Mr. Mearns for help. "The President's books are scattered all over the floor," he said. "*Please* come over and arrange them properly on the shelves before he returns."

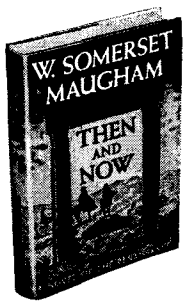
The next day was a sweltering one, but Mr. Mearns toiled manfully. His temper was not improved when the President's big white dog, very friendly but very clumsy, padded into the room about sundown, and began knocking over piles of books and raising heck in general. Mr. Mearns couldn't get rid of him so he did the next best thing. He knocked off work for a while and went out for a few cooling potions.

When he returned two hours later, the library appeared empty, but just as he settled down to complete his task, the white dog bounded out from behind the window curtain, and made for him, barking joyfully. "Damn," muttered Mr. Mearns, and shied a book at the dog. It missed. The horrified Mr. Mearns next heard a distinct cry of "Ouch," and President Coolidge stepped out from behind the curtain, rubbing the back of his head. The two men stared at each other for a moment, and then Mr. Coolidge broke the silence.

"Warm, isn't it?" he said.

BENNETT CERF.

"From where I sit"



THE publication of **Then and Now** comes shortly after the presentation to the Library of Congress of the original longhand manuscript for **Of Human Bondage,** the presentation being the author's sign of gratitude to America for its reception of that novel.

Then and Now is MR. MAUGHAM'S next to last literary undertaking, almost the completion of a cycle of superb story-telling. Though MAUGHAM is seventy-two, and especially considering the sting of **Then and Now,** it may seem rather arbitrary that he has determined to put himself "on the shelf." But it is exactly characteristic of him, for in the head that resembles an aged lion, along with all the data of living that he has amassed, is order. Order and simplicity.

These two things were brought to bear even before the first World War, when he changed the first line in **Of Human Bondage** from *The day broke gray and dull.* Over thirty years later, when there was a question over a title, he changed it from Now and Then to **Then and Now.** Order and simplicity, then and now.

But it isn't all so simple. For over fifteen years he had mulled over the idea of writing a novel about Machiavelli and the Borgias. While it was lying fallow, he wrote other best-sellers, but he became steeped in knowledge about that distant period because, as he said in **The Summing Up,** "the novelist should turn to the historical novel only towards the end of his career—when he has acquired a sufficient knowledge of human nature to understand and so give life to the figures of a past age." MAUGHAM'S sureness lies in the fact that he has always used material which grew out of his own personal experience, and it makes any advice he gives, not only a personal judgment, but as such reflective of his own timidity in keeping close to standards of excellence as he sees them. For *Maugham,* then, it was imperative that he wait till the close of his career to write **Then and Now** —ample testimony as to what he felt it should contain and what goal it must achieve.

paul

DOUBLEDAY

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Seeing Things

THE OLD VIC AND "HENRY V"

THE *Laconia* is a Cunarder that will not sail again. The Germans saw to that. Yet she is a ship meriting remembrance, especially among the stagestruck. When she steamed out of New York harbor in June 1923, she was followed by such a wake as trails few vessels. She was bearing the Moscow Art Theatre home.

Though Stanislavsky's players were to come to this country again, the effect of their first visit is felt here even now. They introduced us to a method of ensemble playing and a system of acting which, in the field of realism, have remained ideals to this day. These ideals have cast their long shadows, at least as ideals, on Broadway's better commercial offerings no less than on those wide-eyed students who spend their days and nights at the acting schools hoping to master "inner concentration" by pretending to be teacups and bananas.

Many of us, of a certain vintage, have been forced of late to think back to the Moscow Art Theatre. It is London's Old Vic which has encouraged us to do this; London's Old Vic because, due to no fault of its own, it has been heralded hereabouts as if it were another Moscow Art Theatre come to judgment.

Yes, and because the playhouse at which we have been assembling in New York to see the Old Vic's productions of "Henry IV, Parts I and II"* happens to be the very same one at which Stanislavsky's actors appeared. To be sure, it bears another name. What we knew as the Jolson when the *Laconia* sailed away is now called the new Century. This, however, should not surprise anyone too much, since the names of playhouses are as subject to change as those of engaged maidens or divorced women.

The differences between the two companies do not stop with the fact that the theatre in which they have both appeared has changed its name. They begin there. As Dogberry knew, and Mrs. Malaprop would have agreed, comparisons are odorous. Hence I avoid them, happily. This British troupe is in theory one of the most commendable theatrical organizations in the world. But, in fairness to it and in order to put a proper frame upon the expectations playgoers bring to it, this should be made clear at once. The Old Vic is *not* the Moscow Art Theatre. And does not mean, or pretend, to be.

To say that, with the exception of

"As Laurence Olivier has turned 'Henry V' into a film, the glory of its language is never lost in the beauty of the settings."

Laurence Olivier and Ralph Richardson, its company belongs to a different and relatively very minor league is not to minimize the Old Vic's merits. Or to deny how agreeable it is to have it here. Or to fail to recognize how persuasive its players are as Britain's cultural emissaries at this time when the air currents between nations are choked with melancholy static. These English actors may be ambassadors without portfolio. Yet, since they come with Shakespeare, they do not come without accreditation. What is more, they come with the gifts and the devotion to do him acceptable justice.

In the two parts of "Henry IV," they have not chosen easy plays. To the British, these tales of constant rebellions may be both clear and near. To us, they are bound to seem (even with our homework done) as confusing and remote as a dramatization of "The Conspiracy of Pontiac" or a detailed account of the feuds in bloody Breathitt County would to a London audience. Or a New York audience, for that matter.

Unquestionably, as Margaret Webster, a far more inventive director than John Burrell, once phrased it, these two chronicle-history plays are cursed with a "plethora of peers." In performance these warring lords tend to run together, and smudge and blur. In performance, too, most of the low comic characters prove as tedious as unsmothered yawns.

There are, of course, compensating glories. Noble speeches by King Henry, whether he is well or ill; the superb, impulsive sweep of Hotspur; the dash of young Prince Hal; the unmincing bawdiness of Doll Tearsheet; and fine single scenes, hilarious or bitter, from which Hollinshed's "Chronicles" are excluded. Above all, there is Falstaff, that great tub of guts, that gorbellied knave, that capon-filled coward, that whoreson candle mine, that bolting-hutch of beastliness, that swollen parcel of dropsies, upon whom we dote. In spite of his aversion to traveling by foot, Sir John is bound to run away with both plays. There is no resisting his spell or his wit. He is one of the most marvelous of Shakespeare's creations, as supreme in his coarse, unregenerate way as Hamlet is as a sensitive mind in torment.

In performing "Henry IV" the actors of the Old Vic make it clear that they know what they are up to. They relish and respect their work. Stanislavsky may not be their Bible, but Shakespeare is their text, and they read him faithfully. They are trained to play him intelligently in the most conventional of productions, before the most routine of settings. If, as a company, they are not brilliant, they are as a rule satisfactory. That is, if one excepts, as one must, the sad miscasting of Michael Warre, whose Prince Hal, a pivotal character, has no royal blood in him and could never have altered into Henry V.

What the Old Vic's secondary players lack in inspiration, they make up for in devotion. They dodge innovation, and take their Shakespeare straight in a kind of superior Benson Company or Stratford-on-Avon way. They ask us to feast on a meal admitting no experimental dishes and no fancy sauces. Instead, they serve us the conventional Sunday roast beef dinner, which is good, if not exciting, to eat. Its very orthodoxies are nourishing. It has its solid, stolid, even welcome merits.

A few performances stand out. One is Nicholas Hannen's authoritative King Henry. Another is Margaret Leighton's charming Lady Percy.

*HENRY IV, PARTS I and II, by William Shakespeare. Presented by The Old Vic Theatre Company of London under the auspices of Theatre Incorporated. Staged by John Burrell. Music by Herbert Menges. Costumes by Roger Furse. Scenery by Gower Parks. With Ralph Richardson, Laurence Olivier, Nicholas Hannen, Michael Warre, Margaret Leighton, Ena Burrill, Joyce Redman. At the Century Theatre.

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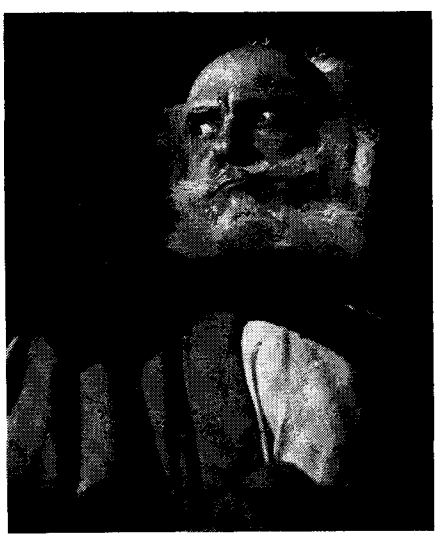
MELVYN DOUGLAS & HERMAN LEVIN present
CALL ME MISTER
A Musical Revue
Music and Lyrics by HAROLD J. ROME
Sketches by ARNOLD AUERBACH
with BETTY GARRETT
Production directed by ROBERT H. GORDON
NATIONAL, 41st Street W. of B'way — Mats. Wed. & Sat.

And still another Joyce Redman's unblushing, though somehow contained, Doll Tearsheet. Most notably and unforgettably, however, are, of course, Ralph Richardson's Falstaff and the Hotspur and Justice Shallow of Laurence Olivier.

Mr. Richardson's is the most unsentimentalized and unflinchingly venal Sir John I have ever sat before. He is a fellow deplorable yet lovable, delightful though conscienceless, greasy but grand, contemptible and superior, rowdy and aristocratic, all at one time. Although he, or the production, may leave the humor of the men in buckram sequence unignited, I have never seen, and never dream of seeing, the tavern episode in which Falstaff pretends to be the king played with Mr. Richardson's



"Ralph Richardson's is the most unflinchingly venal Sir John . . . deplorable . . . lovable . . . contemptible . . . rowdy."

effectiveness. In the speech on honor, the shocking moment at Shrewsbury when he runs his sword into Hotspur's corpse, his Draft Board interludes with Justice Shallow, or the brutal scene at which the crowned Prince Hal publicly denies him, his rotund old lecher is equally memorable.

I cannot pay Mr. Olivier's Justice Shallow and his Hotspur a sincerer compliment than to say that they made me forget entirely his disastrous Romeo of eight seasons back. Though a star of planetary dimensions, Mr. Olivier proves himself a true subscriber to the repertory idea by playing a wizened, high-voiced, and humorous Shallow in Part II, after having created in Part I a Hotspur who, on the subject of honor, offers Falstaff his perfect and needed antithesis. Mr. Olivier's Hotspur is all impulse, fire, and force. He is made the more believable by the slight stammer with which he breaks the torrential speeches. He is as charm-

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ing and doomed a romantic as the drama has yielded.

Yet, throughout the whole of the two parts of "Henry IV," I must confess I found myself pleased rather than excited. I was bothered by the size of the auditorium, and disappointed because most of the English voices I was hearing seemed less splendidly adapted to Shakespeare's verse than I had been certain they would be. I was astonished that the production, as a production, was so willing to content itself with competence. Whenever the restless script wandered out of doors, especially when it jumped to Gadshill, the battlefield at Shrewsbury, or the streets of London, I discovered I was fretting at the theatre's inadequacies no less than at the formlessness of the chronicle-history plays.

It was not until I saw Mr. Olivier play Henry in his motion picture production of "Henry V," at an afternoon preview seen between the first and second parts of "Henry IV," that I realized what I was missing. Though as a loyal lover of the stage it hurts me to say this, I am unable to keep it in. I was missing what the screen can do with these materials that the theatre cannot dream of matching. I was missing those qualities of physical freedom, of the chronicle-history uncaged and sent soaring skyward, which make "Henry V" by all odds the finest movie I have ever seen, and one of the most enthralling and stirring Shakespearean performances I ever hope to see. In casting, direction, and setting it was everything I had hoped the Old Vic would be, but which it was not.

The movies, heaven knows, have done their foul damage to Shakespeare in the past. Anyone is rebelliously aware of this who has survived Forbes-Robertson's silent version of "Hamlet"; such a travesty as the Francis X. Bushman-Beverly Bayne "Romeo and Juliet" (not to forget Theda Bara's rival Juliet); the gaudy horrors of Reinhardt's "A Midsummer Night's Dream"; or the vul-

garities of the production of "Romeo and Juliet" in which Norma Shearer and Leslie Howard appeared.

The greater, the profounder Shakespearean plays, the plays in which the most exciting action takes place within the minds of the principal characters, will no doubt always be seen to best advantage in the theatre. The chronicle-histories, however, are different. Though they include their glorious portraits, they are tapestries which refuse to be framed by the stage.

No one was more aware of this than Shakespeare. And no one has complained more eloquently than he did in the magical choruses of "Henry V" of the theatre's ineptness in dealing with opposing monarchies, with history's populous pageant, and especially with battle scenes. When war was on his mind, to him the "wooden O" of the Globe Theatre was an "unworthy scaffold." Yet battles had for him the fascination that the casualties of city streets have for ambulance chasers. He could not resist them. "Alarum" and "excursions" were stage directions as dear to his ears as "enter with drum and colors" or "retreat" and "flourish."

The plains near Actium and Philippi, Bosworth Field, the march from Dunsinane, the Volscian Camp or Bolingbroke's at Bristol—all these and more martial scenes he dared ask us to attend. But, for an Agincourt peopled by supernumeraries, he apologized.

> . . . O for pity!—we shall much disgrace
> With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
> Right ill-dispos'd in brawl ridiculous,
> The name of Agincourt. Yet sit and see,
> Minding true things by what their mockeries be.

His plea was for us to make what he called "imaginary puissance," to eke out his performance with our minds. In Shakespeare's battle scenes, or when his scripts roam the countryside, this, however, is not always as easy as one might wish, especially in this age of realism. And, even more especially, since the motion pictures have proved beyond dispute their ability to cope with exterior scenes which the theatre is wisest to avoid.

In our own country, from Atlanta to the sea, no one had any reason to challenge Sherman's opinion of war. The General took pains to make this true. Nor has he found many dissenters among men, women, and children anywhere or at any time; at least if they have seen war plain.

They have known the ugly thing itself. This is the source of their woe, and just the opposite of the grief the theatre faces when it is foolhardy enough to traffic with combat. On the stage it is the unreality, not the reality, of the battles fought which causes anguish. Although the theatre's eternal duty is to grant pretense the illusion of truth, this illusion at no time tends to suffer a sadder shock than when the theatre seeks to make mock battles real.

The virtues of the film version of "Henry V" do not stop with its stirring battle scenes, or its actual archers and horsemen in the place of scraggly supernumeraries. "Henry V" is, of course, one of the greatest recruiting station pleas in history. It is practically the Marine Hymn sung by Shakespeare for English ears.

As Mr. Olivier has turned it into a film, the glory of its language is never lost in the beauty of the settings. Nor do the castle or street scenes contradict the imagery of the text by being too naturalistic. They belong to a happy half-world of fact and fantasy where poetry is no alien. Though the camera strays to the Channel, the beaches, and the open countryside, the backgrounds continue, in a strange and fascinating way, to belong to the Globe Theatre. It is on the boards of the Globe that the film itself begins at what is supposed to be an actual performance. It is from this photographed performance, and the confinements of even that unrealistic stage, that the movie soon breaks away.

Not only is Mr. Olivier superlatively fine as the young King, but every actor in the screen version, no matter how small his part, is excellent. Each of them speaks Shakespeare's lines as, in the theatre, only a few outstanding performers are apt to do. The movies can afford such a cast, not all-star but all-perfect, where the stage nowadays cannot. This is one virtue of seeing, and hearing, Shakespeare on the screen. Another is that, due to the soundtrack and close-ups, every seat is an aisle seat in the sixth row.

At the very outset when, in the

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"TO EACH HIS OWN, and to me, one of the most enthralling pictures I have ever seen. I use the word with honesty, because for two hours, I forgot everything but the story that was being unfolded before me on the screen. It is a romantic fable of twin eras, but it is told so simply and presented with such consummate artistry, that it leaves one with an unquestioning and glowing acceptance of the story-teller's art. Few pictures achieve a marriage of all the elements of entertainment. This one does. That is what makes it so good. It is a monument to that rare combination of expert scripting, superlative performance, and beautiful direction. Olivia DeHavilland is courageously cast, in the story's unfolding, as the mother of a grown son, and she repays handsomely the studio's faith in her. Her transition from a lovely girl to a frustrated woman is performed with the validity which is astonishing in so young an actress. John Lund is one of those unusual personalities born with stellar quality. He has an abundance of all the better ingredients of stardom, virility, dynamics and magnetism. As for the others in the cast, there is not a single characterization that is not perfection, woven into a drama of such universal appeal that it cannot fail to be one of the most popular as well as one of the most distinguished pictures of the year."
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DeHavilland
in
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VIRGINIA WELLES
PHILLIP TERRY
BILL GOODWIN
and Introducing
JOHN LUND

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picture, "Henry V" is still being played at the Globe, there is one unfortunate and overlong sequence in which the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Ely indulge in some tiresome horseplay with dropped documents. But, immediately after this single grounded moment, the film takes flight. From then on, through the stirring battle episodes at Agincourt to the sheer delight of the final love scene between the English Henry and the French Katharine, it maintains an altitude which, by any standards, is wonderfully and miraculously high.

As one who had a pleasant enough time at the Old Vic's performance of "Henry IV" but was thrilled by the "Henry V" movie, I trust that, in the future, all the chronicle-histories will be taken away from the theatre and given to the screen. On one condition, as goes without saying—that all these screen versions be offered by the same studio, played by actors of the same skill, produced with the same taste, edited with the same wisdom, and that Laurence Olivier direct and appear in them all.

JOHN MASON BROWN.

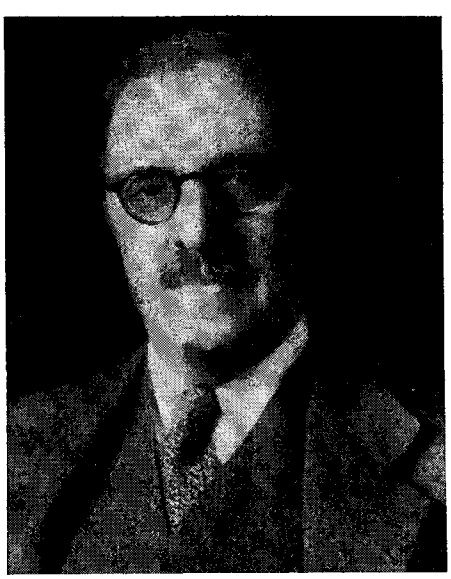
The Hinterland of the Mind

ADVENTURES OF THE MIND. By Arturo Castiglioni, M.D. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. 1946. viii + 428 *pp.* $4.50.

Reviewed by HENRY A. BUNKER, M.D.

THIS is a fascinating and at the same time somewhat disappointing book. It is fascinating because it presents within the space of some four hundred pages a really remarkable array of facts bearing upon that dark hinterland of the human mind which may be embraced under such rubrics as magic, superstition, folklore, primitive religion and belief, and the like—of which, like the making of books, there is no end. As such, it may be recommended to those not already acquainted with "The Golden Bough," for example, or with Lippert's "Evolution of Culture," or with other works which cover rather more intensively much the same ground. In a word, those who (in Johnsonian phrase) listen with credulity to the whispers of fancy, as well as those who do not, will find in this book an almost encyclopedic account, descriptive and to some extent historical, even in some degree psychological, of those multitudinous whispers of fancy that represent the hinterland of the human mind with which this volume largely deals.

If, on the other hand, the book is disappointing, it is so not only on account of its turgid style, which makes for a certain difficulty of reading, but because it somehow seems, at least to the present reviewer, to fail to live up to the alluringness of its title, with its implication of the realms of gold in which the author has wandered—and, even more so, to its preface, which proclaims it the purpose of the book to "present some historical facts which appear to have a common character in their origin, development, and consequences, without claiming that the psychological causes were the most important, and, still less, the only ones determining them." For it is the author's thesis, as also stated in his preface, that "if there is an analogy between the tragic social events that brought about a mortal danger to humanity and the great epidemic diseases of the past, as regards their origin, some of their causes, and especially their psychological factors; if it is true that they differ in extension and intensity more than in their essential character, is it not obvious that the psychologist, the educator, the 'hygienist of the mind,' may obtain the same results as were brilliantly achieved by public health organizations?" In other words, can mental hygiene (in the broadest possible sense of such a term) accomplish what the epidemiologist has accomplished—he who has altogether suppressed, or reduced to insignificance, such scourges as plague, cholera, smallpox, typhoid fever, and diphtheria? Can mass mental phenomena be brought under control as have the mass bacteriological-social phenomena which the author cites?



Arturo Castiglioni believes some part of a "reasonable and honest Germany" did not succumb to the epidemic of Nazism.

This is a question not to be lightly brushed aside, even by those less impressed by the analogy between the two than is Dr. Castiglioni. Ready to the author's hand, at all events, lies of course the phenomenon of Nazism, of which the definitely new note, he says, was "the unitary political trend, the compulsory organization of a society solidly massed around the Leader, and the programmatic, efficient systemization of propaganda and action"—whereas before Hitler the paranoidal tendencies described for example by Dr. Richard M. Brickner were limited to single groups: the Army, Prussian aristocracy, Pan-German associations, and so on. And, true to his epidemiological analogy, he adds that "just as in great epidemics a part of the population is not attacked by disease, thus, undoubtedly, liberal, democratic, republican, or socialist prewar Germany, and, above all, reasonable and honest Germany, still lives in the thoughts, faith, and hopes of a great number of its inhabitants who sternly judge and condemn the evils of Nazism."

But Dr. Castiglioni has also the good grace to quote Heinrich Heine—perhaps, not excepting Spinoza, the greatest Jew who ever lived—who in 1843 wrote as follows:

> Christianity has—and that is its fairest merit—somewhat mitigated the brutal German lust for battle. But it could not destroy it: and once the taming talisman, the Cross, is broken, the savagery of the old warriors, the insane berserk rage sung by Nordic bards, will flare up again. . . . And when you hear a crash the like of which was never heard in world history, you'll know that the German thunder has finally hit the mark. . . . A show will be performed in Germany that will make the French Revolution seem like a harmless idyll in comparison. . . . You have more to fear from a liberated Germany than from the whole Holy Alliance with all its Croats and Cossacks.

In the meantime, whether the questions of an epidemiology of the psyche discussed by Dr. Castiglioni have been rendered merely academic by the advent of the atomic bomb cannot be stated by the present reviewer, since he does not know. He can only believe that the question whether or not natural science has now forever outdistanced psychology is one that must await an outcome which itself may in some considerable measure hang upon whether those mental powers of darkness, of which our author has written so fully and eloquently, ultimately prevail.

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Modest and Fair Reporter

ECLIPSE. By Alan Moorehead. New York: Coward, McCann, Inc. 1946. 318 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by MARK S. WATSON

ONE of the best narratives of the war in Sicily, Italy, and the West—those areas where American participation was steadily increasing—is written by the Australian correspondent Alan Moorehead, author of earlier and well-remembered accounts of the African campaigns. He was assigned to British troops but, like many another industrious reporter, occasionally moved over to watch an ally's operations and thereby gained a sounder understanding of both, and of the coördinated role of each army in the colossal enterprise of crushing the Axis to earth.

For all that, he notes modestly: "I have not said nearly enough about the preponderant parts played by the American and Russian forces, and this for the sole reason that I was not with them," save for the intervals mentioned. Likewise he disclaims for his book the status of history, social treatise or (fortunately) novel, and any power to solve the problems of a postwar Germany. It is essentially a personal narrative of his last two adventurous years in uniform. But Mr. Moorehead's observation of fact is clear and consistent; his judgments are particularly acute in their estimate of the Germans' military skill and power, and in their recognition that "we won the war just in time" to avert German science's production of "a tenfold terror . . . with much more diabolic things than the V-2."

It is particularly useful reading for an American public which even now, with VE-Day a year behind us, is only sketchily informed on the essential role of the British army, and on that subject is still getting scant guidance from American writers who remain primarily, and almost exclusively, concerned with America's own magnificent effort. For that matter, how much dimmer is our knowledge of the Russian role in the war, and how unlikely to become clearer soon?

Because Mr. Moorehead's narrative is personal and direct, it sparkles with lively descriptions of events and personalities. It tells of Field Marshal Montgomery's capacity; it also tells of Monty's conscious courting of popularity among his men, whose devotion to that cocky little leader made them the better soldiers; his technique in this operation, peering intently into each face as he passed in review, was wholly Monty's. The author speaks admiringly—as do Americans who knew him—of Monty's brilliant chief, Alexander, so unhappily and strangely neglected as the war went on. He speaks of Tito's merit, and expresses the belief common among Britons that the Churchill plan for a Balkan campaign, which we frowned down, was nevertheless a sound one. He speaks with respect of Eisenhower, and of Bradley, and of the "astonishing" American progress in the arts of war.

Why did Rommel, so mistakenly pitchforked past Rundstedt into command in the west, engage in that "piecemeal" defense which played into the hands of the Allies, as has often been pointed out, but not lucidly explained? Mr. Moorehead attributes it to the high command's positive orders to protect, at any cost, those areas north of the Seine where Hitler was placing the launching sites for the improved V-bombs which were expected to bring Britain to her knees —and with a little change in time schedules might have done so. Yet because of that bad strategy, which Rundstedt had sensibly but unsuccessfully opposed, the Allies roared ahead south of the Seine, and ultimately made their crossings to the north bank, and took launching-sites too.

Alan Moorehead's "observation of fact is clear and consistent."

What did the French think of the victors, and the victors of them? What was in the German mind? What in the Polish? Some of the episodes suggest the varied answers.

There is a hilarious description of the liberation of Cherbourg, with delighted Frenchmen drinking joyously to Allied representatives so suddenly

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

"THAT NOT IMPOSSIBLE SHE"

Or is she? Alice Gould, of Vinalhaven, Maine, asks you to identify each "she" in the quotations below. Allowing 5 points for each correct answer, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, and 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 47.

1. What is she, that all our swains commend her?
2. She was just in time to see it pop down a large rabbit hole.
3. The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she.
4. She dwelt among the untrodden ways beside the springs of Dove.
5. She stoops to conquer.
6. She liked whate'er she looked on, and her looks went everywhere.
7. This maiden she lived with no other thought than to love and be loved by me.
8. He said, "She has a lovely face; God in his mercy lend her grace."
9. She never told her love.
10. She wedded a man unlearn'd and poor.
11. When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music.
12. And then she cast her arms along the golden barriers.
13. She stood breast high among the corn, clasped by the golden light of morn.
14. Would you know how first he met her? She was cutting bread and butter.
15. She looked down to blush and she looked up to sigh, with a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye.
16. Her arms across her breast she laid; she was more fair than words can say.
17. Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike, and, like the sun, they shine on all alike.
18. Her voice is low and sweet—and she's a' the world to me.
19. She is the darling of my heart, and she lives in our alley.
20. We quarreled about Havanas—we fought o'er a good cheroot—and I know she is exacting, and she says I am a brute.

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By MARIE CAMPBELL

Illustrated by Clare Leighton

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arrived in the house, even when the main fight was still going on in the garden, with sprays of bullets smacking against the dining-room wall just above the buffet where the wine was bubbling. There are stirring descriptions of Paris on Liberation Day, and of Brussels's first gasp of a freedom regained, days which nobody who saw them can ever forget. There are somber pictures of the hard days of fighting, and of the horror camps.

There is a veritable kaleidoscope of memories covering that last gallop across Holland and Denmark to Hamburg, and then the aerial flight to Oslo, finished before the surrender had taken place. "Eclipse" (code name of the Allies' last war operation in Europe) was complete.

What Makes a Marine Tick

THE LONG AND THE SHORT AND THE TALL. By Alvin M. Josephy, Jr. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. 1946. 221 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by FLETCHER PRATT

THE other services have been heard to complain, sometimes in a highly articulate manner, that the Marines got all the headlines. The present volume helps to explain why this should be the case and why the Marines deserved the headlines they got.

It is written by an extremely capable journalist who was in the landing craft and then in the front lines all through the hard fighting on Guam and Iwo Jima; the Marines were the people who thought of putting such journalists into uniform under the name of "combat correspondents" and giving them every facility while the other services were looking upon reporting the war to the public as a barely tolerable nuisance. The book is done with a fine objectivity of style, the author introducing himself emotionally only as a representative of a class, and visually only as a pair of eyes for the reader—and this is Marine Corps training too, a great relief from the tone of too many civilian correspondents, who run toward "Where I was during the winning of the war." Finally the Marines were in there where the tough jobs were done.

It is a general picture of the operations of the Third Marine Division. Mr. Josephy is concerned with the whole movement, the oft-recurring emotion, the event so frequently repeated as to be typical. When he uses a name it is because that name has genuine significance; he is very much concerned with letting us know why men felt a sense of personal loss when Captain Shoemaker was killed and were not at all concerned with the fact that Willy Jones of 1642 Mishmash Ave., Upland Park, Nebraska, was in a fox hole beside him—which is the sort of item one got in most war reports. The book has evidently been subjected to a careful pruning process, and as the author has a good eye for significant detail, this has paid dividends. (A particularly interesting demonstration of the process of literary composition is afforded by the inclusion of the word for word transcription of his on-the-spot broadcast of the Guam landing under fire for comparison with the account of the operation elsewhere in the book.)

But what do the details signify when one has them in a single place like this and out from under the influence of censorship? Doubtless another writer would make another choice among them and emphasize a different series of reactions; Mr. Josephy has chosen to concentrate on the emotional impact of battle, the approach to battle, and the visible death of people he knew. He cannot seem to give enough of the details of sights, sounds, and smells to convince himself that he has done the job; is surprised at exhibitions of courage, though he attempts no particular analysis of its nature or its constituents.

Some of this has been done before, though seldom quite so well, which is to say that the book is eye-witness journalism of a high grade but a common type. What is new is the "gripe reaction"—new in two different ways. The Marines, as reported

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by Mr. Josephy, were not half so upset as they were supposed to be about strikes and luxury back home. ("Aw, if you were there you'd be doing the same thing," he quotes a characteristic remark.) But they were a good deal more disturbed than we have been told about the fact that there was an officers' club on the hill, with drinks and nurses in for a dance. It is a reaction which we have been hearing a good deal about in the press lately. What neither the press nor Mr. Josephy seems to have noticed is that it is the reaction of citizen soldiers, new troops. Veteran professionals never worry about this sort of thing; not because they have been conditioned to the idea that rank has its privileges, but because they have been around long enough to discover that the officers' club is a concomitant of responsibilities they do not have to bear.

Yet the complaint in this case is essentially just. Nothing is more striking among the underlying emotional impacts of this report from battle than the terrible sense of personal responsibility for everything within their area of vision that devoured these citizen soldiers. It may be that this, too, was the result of the special training of the Marine Corps, which is an organization peculiar unto itself; but it is quite as likely that it is the product of the fact that as the apparatus of war has become more complex, an unquestioning obedience is no longer an adequate or even a desirable quality in a soldier.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 153

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 153 will be found in the next issue.

PBBFK CMH SMNP STLP

AMSEDPLH GCMB MJMLKRP,

STLP NLFBOMLNH GCMB

GCKLHG, MBN WPLCMWH MH

SMBX HFKRKNPH MH

NPHWMKL.

R. R. RTDGTB—DMRTB

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 152

A venerable man with a purple nose—a Cyrano de Cognac nose.

JAMES HUNEKER
Old Fogy.

We are working on new cable for the thousands of telephones the public wants. The war put us behind—in buildings, switchboards, telephones and other equipment—but we are beginning to catch up now.

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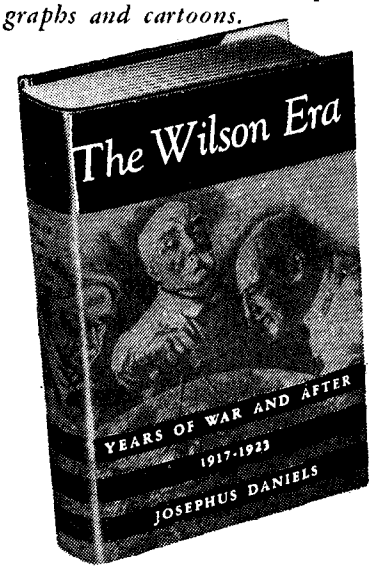

BY JOSEPHUS DANIELS

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Mlle. Rouchaud's Human Document

THE TIME OF OUR LIVES. By Martine Rouchaud. New York: Pantheon Press. 1946. 323 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by LEO LERMAN

MARTINE ROUCHAUD is sixteen years old. In 1944, when she was fourteen, her mother, a Parisian journalist, decided that Martine was to write a record of their four year hegira into southern France during the German occupation. If Martine really told what had happened to her and her family and friends during those years, Father Rouchaud, who had spent the war years in the United States, would find, upon his return, a document bringing him up to date on his family history. Madame Rouchaud, being an astute French journalist, probably knew that if Martine freely set down what happened, the ensuing manuscript would be of more than family interest. "The Time of Our Lives" is Martine's journal-in-recollection of those four years. It has not only been published in both English and French, but it has been awarded the *Journal Intime* prize for the best autobiographical book of the year by a French author.

Although "The Time of Our Lives" has won this prize, there can be no question of criticizing it as literature, for it is no more a literary work than are most family letters. It is, indeed, an overgrown family letter rendered universally interesting because it uninhibitedly tells of family life during universally momentous times. It is a saga more concerned with the idiosyncrasies of inefficient governesses and strongly individual friends and relations than with the brutalities and alarums of war. And that is as it should be, for Martine's life under German occupation was more a holiday from school than a suffering, blighting experience. Several times she and her family were hungry or in danger of death, but there were always happy endings. Martine's war was never the war of Warsaw's children or even Berlin's. Her war was the typical experience of an intellectual French bourgeois family with enough money and luck to keep going until the big happy ending arrived replete with Stars and Stripes, Union Jack, and chocolate bars. Of the time when she and her sisters were hungry, she writes, "As in the stone age, we have to forage for our daily sustenance, guided by our eyes and noses." There is French esprit in those words: Martine and Colette's Claudine are closely related. Claudine, faced by Nazis, would also have tripped them up, abetted the Resistance against them, and had fun out of it all.

"The Time of Our Lives" is an interesting document for all readers who want a fresh, unexpected view of life in occupied France. It is a gay, uninhibited book because Martine Rouchaud is gay and uninhibited. It is important historically because most of the children involved directly in World War II have documented it with blood and tears rather than ink.

"If it's all the same to you, madam, I'd prefer not to get caught in a crossfire of controversy between *The Saturday Review* and *The New York Times*."

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War children who are alive are the world's future: anything they have to report is important. I have only one criticism of "The Time of Our Lives": it has been unfortunately translated. It is difficult to believe that French children are addicted to expletives like "You're a peach!" That sounds more like the fun-loving Rover boys than the gregarious Rouchaud girls.

Such Goings On!

LIFE AND DEATH OF THE WICKED LADY SKELTON. By Magdalen King-Hall. New York: Rinehart & Co. 1946. 269 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE DANGERFIELD

THE Bishop of Chiltern, speaking at Lady Skelton's garden party in the summer of 1911, was horrified to observe, standing a little apart from the crowd, the spectre of a woman in some kind of male riding dress. His Lordship fainted dead away, and they said it was the heat. In the year 1855, Miss Isabella Skelton was almost driven out of her wits when she saw, suspended from the boughs of a giant oak "in a stillness and rigidity that was utterly preternatural" the figure of a hanged woman dressed in man's clothes. Even more disturbing events, culminating in the appearance of a hellish female ghost, afflicted the Lady Sophia Skelton and her household in the year 1781.

The scene of all this was Maryot Cells, the country seat of the Skelton family, and the supernatural disturbances could be traced back to the wicked Barbara, Lady Skelton, who, in the reign of the Merry Monarch, became so bored with her husband and her life that she turned highwayman. Worse still, from every point of view except Lady Barbara's, she became a highwayman's doxy, if that is the right word. She killed some travellers on the road; she also poisoned her husband's steward when, at long last, he became aware of her nocturnal adventures.

Authorities upon the interior economy of a seventeenth century estate may be able to explain how it would be possible for a woman to ride out night after night in all sorts of weathers, return before dawn to leave a blown or mired horse in the stables, and yet escape detection by all but one person. However, this is but one improbability among many. The tale is more euphonious and less painful than some. It is an agreeable and harmless trifle, hovering upon but not too frequently overstepping the verge of arrant nonsense.

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Clues from the CRIME CLUB

THERE are very few women detectives in the business these days. An occasional spinster who knows the town gossip and human nature does crop up and solve a good mystery, but as yet there is no rival to Holmes, Poirot, Lord Peter, or Nero Wolff. They are working their way up, however, as they are in other enterprises from business executives to engineers. There are a lot of good women who understudy the role in the "Watson" position, and a number of wives and fiancees who venture off for themselves, but they generally let the dominant male work out the grand solution.

* * *

Alice Church takes on the number one role in CHEAT THE HANGMAN, and E. X. FERRARS does a swell job of letting her solve a really clever mystery. *Alice* got into it because a murder occurred in an adjoining apartment to the one she was visiting one evening—and *Alice* was convinced that *Janet*, who was convicted of the murder, couldn't have done it. It may have been feminine curiosity which drove her to solve the murder—or it may have been an abstract sense of justice. At any rate, she cheated the hangman.

* * *

JEAN LESLIE keeps to her masculine detective, but allows him his charming fiancee, *Mara* as an able assistant in *TWO FACED MURDER*. But who would want to change from as pleasant and engaging a sleuth as *Doctor Peter Ponsonby* who was so good in **One Cried Murder**? MISS LESLIE takes advantage of the foibles of university personnel to enliven her story which is set on the campus of a California college. It is a gay book of faculty teas, wives, and feuds, and gives us a charming faculty wife as the corpse with a broken neck.

* * *

SIGNAL FOR DANGER is a fast moving book which TERRY HARNAN has peopled with political and journalistic characters (mainly male), ranging through victim *Will Abbot*, the sheriff, the Mayor to *Mark Regan* who is the hero.

Mark bought a small town newspaper and thought he would get a rest. Instead he ran into first a murder, and eventually so much violence that we can't blame the author for keeping to masculine detectives. Too rough for a girl.

The Gunman

Unheroic Hero

HIS DAYS ARE AS GRASS. By *Charles Mergendahl.* Boston: *Little, Brown & Co.* 1946. 398 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by THEODORE PURDY

GORDON TAYLOR, the deliberately unheroic hero of this novel, has been set up to represent the generation which was just old enough to fight in this war. He is born and brought up in the Boston suburbs without emerging from the average pattern to any great extent. He goes over the usual hurdles of adolescence in a halting fashion and marries a pretty, nice girl who understands him and is almost as humorless as he is. Comes the war, which is a surprise and shock to Gordon. Then in the last seventy pages of the book he goes rapidly through Marine boot training and is moved on to Guadalcanal, New Zealand, and death on Betio.

The book is leisurely in pace except at the end, and curiously objective in tone. There are a few moments of extreme sentiment in the war scenes, but on the whole the callowness of Gordie seems to have permeated the author's viewpoint. He notes and feels and cares about everything, but nothing goes deep. The account of Gordie's childhood and school days is conventional. And it is unfortunate that the college scenes often recall better written and more sensitive accounts of young American males in the formative stage. The final section has more drive and purpose than the rest but never penetrates far beneath the surface either of Gordie's character or of the feelings of men in war.

Through much of the narrative there is a lack of perspective, and when the author does risk an aside about his hero the tone is admonitory and schoolmasterish. Gordon remains a believable but preternaturally stiff person. He is unaware of anything outside his small world. His curiosity, intellectual and otherwise, is not great. Surely his generation was—and the survivors are still—more conscious of what was going on around it and of the bitter role it was called upon to play.

Mr. Mergendahl's writing is honest but never particularly individual. In effect he has furnished us with a recognizable transcript of American youth during the past twenty-five years, but a shallow one. It throws little new light on what goes on within the supposedly mysterious minds of our young people.

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Rupert Ashore

THE DAYS ARE SPENT. By G. P. Griggs. New York: Coward-McCann, Inc. 1946. 314 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by JOSEPH HIRSH

MR. GRIGGS, a twenty-six year old Englishman, has drawn upon his eight years' experience in the Royal Navy to plot this, his first novel. Having served with H.M.M.T.B's — His Majesty's equivalent to our PT boats—the motor torpedo boats, it is natural that his hero captain is one of them. And it is against the war in the waters around England that the story is set.

At the outset we find Rupert Illingsworth returning to port with elements of his squadron after a foray on enemy shipping off the continent. Instead of attackers they were the attacked. Surprised by armed German trawlers, men and ships sustained painful injuries which were augmented by heavy seas. The tedious trip home, though important in the conception of Prince (as he's known to his friends) Rupert, is not a persuasive sea story.

Pondering the possibility of a leave in London, where he had had a short but vigorous affair some months before, Prince Rupert takes shape as handsome and self-assured, fearless and knowledgable in the Nelson tradition, manly enough to flourish a characteristic naval beard and young enough to reflect on his urgent but tenuous relationship with women.

Thus the scene shifts to London, where he calls on the lady of his last leave, beautiful, erratic Pip Piper. He finds her unavailable—in fact, engaged to be married. Grieving, but with the resourcefulness of a sailor on leave, Rupert finds three other women. One of them, Julie Fairfax, a beautiful young actress who abandoned the stage when her foot was smashed during the blitz, becomes the love of which every sailorman dreams in the desolate months at sea. They decide to get married—and then to wait.

When his leave is up, Julie returns to the naval base with Rupert and learns the painful business of waiting for the man who goes to war. That is as far as it is cricket to follow the story.

"The Days Are Spent" contains elements of a first-rate story, but Mr. Griggs has unhappily not knitted them together. Individually and collectively, they are not developed in scope, depth, or perspective. His characters are stereotypes in habits, in language, in performance, even in their names.

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In the Anatole France Tradition

STATES OF GRACE. By Francis Steegmuller. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1946. 214 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by GRACE FRANK

THIS is a titillating book for sophisticated palates. The underlying formula for its concoction seems to have been: assemble a group of disparate persons, throw them into unlikely situations, season with a mere soupçon of sarcasm, add spices that range from delicate to hot, then skim off the fun that bubbles to the surface. One surmises that Mr. Steegmuller must have cut some of his literary teeth on the novels of Anatole France. In any case this is the kind of book that France might have written, and obviously it is also destined to join the master's works on the Index.

The scene is laid in post-war Egypt at a place called Bahari (a patent pseudonym for Cairo), and most of the action takes place in the parish of St. Patrick's-in-Egypt. Although church, convent, and school have their titular heads, this parish is actually ruled from top to bottom by Mrs. Brennan, sister of a potent American bishop. Mrs. Brennan is one of those overpowering women who run away with a conversation and never bring it back. Also, matters remain where she puts them. Her husband had died in the midst of one of his extra-mural "lay occupations," leaving her great wealth and a son, Freddy, given to the same activities as his father.

Thus it came about that young Father Philip, newly appointed curate of St. Patrick's, early made his way to the notorious Fishmarket where the world's oldest profession was raucously practised with trimmings: he went there to rescue Freddy. By this act, naturally undertaken *contre coeur,* Father Philip endeared himself to Mrs. Brennan, just as he had previously endeared himself to Mme. Pichat, proprietress of the Luxor pension, by unconsciously bearing false witness and thus confirming her faith in miracles.

How Mrs. Brennan took the veil, became Mother Mary Immaculata, drove her son to the Fishmarket, and later acquired as an adored daughter-in-law "the beautiful American concubine of Ali Abbas Bey," how two drunks visited her convent on Christmas Day and one of them exclaimed, "I'd do anything for that padre; he sure knows how to make a man feel like a worm!", how the Mother General of Mrs. Brennan's order made possible the removal of a curse by her love of money, all this and much more is revealed by "States of Grace."

Innuendoes and sly pokes in the ribs are the portion not only of church dignitaries and church architecture, parochial schools, and hysterical nuns who see visions, but also of a community determined to euphemize the war by calling it "the last few years," of Egyptians bound to be modern at any cost, or archeologists whose discoveries find their way into the hands of dealers, and of light ladies who fly from sin to confession and back again.

Of course this is not everyone's dish, but those who relish tickling condiments and can stomach a bit of delicate ribaldry will savor it.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"There's no use getting mad, Mr. Tschaikowsky—all I said was that your new composition would make a swell popular tune."

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Charleston Grotesqueries

THE DOCTOR TO THE DEAD. By John Bennett. New York: Rinehart & Co. 1946. 260 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by SAMUEL GAILLARD STONEY

AMONG the exotic and distinctive productions of the city of Charleston is a richly peculiar legendry, blended from fact and fancy, borrowing from European myths and African mythologies. This is what John Bennett has caught and admirably built into the stories in "The Doctor to the Dead."

Three generations that have enjoyed "Master Skylark" and his other novels will find here again his ability to tell a good story in distinguished, sensitive, and poetic prose. Those who delighted in the silhouettes of "Ah Lee Ben Lou" will recognize his artistic fantasy in another medium. Students who remember his pioneer work with, and in, the Gullah dialect will recognize a masterly use of it. Lovers of Charleston have another book for their shelves and so do historians of the American social scene. Charleston, in the over-credulous romantic era, was in the center of the American stage. Stories like these will give to us comparative unbelievers a weirdly exaggerated but revealing view of that era and its evangelical corollary, in the same fashion that Goya's "Capricios" tell us much about a certain part of the mind of his Spain.

The book in one way is testimony to the widespread influence of mid-nineteenth-century romanticism. It is a far cry from Charleston to Copenhagen, from the coast of Carolina to the Baltic; but, with no hint of imitation, this book is a counterpart of Isak Dinesen's "Seven Gothic Tales." Both are pictured against a time lavishly baroque in everything from petticoats to metaphysics.

In 1900, when he went there, Bennett found much of ante-bellum Charleston still in working order, for the city which had most truly lost the Confederate War had remained spiritually an irredentist part of what it had been in 1860. In that era Charleston had prided itself on its individualism; nothing was confined by lines of race, creed, or condition. The war and what followed had made a definite break with reality. John Bennett could hear from ladies in a parlor that they had crossed King Street to avoid the distinctly unsavory narrow house of the mad doctor every one had known. Then in the back yard of the same premises he could learn about the madman's frightful trafficking with the living dead. Bennett heard over superlative Madeira the story of the woman at whose sale it had been bought—hints of her color, her notorious career, her shipping-away of a daughter "to pass," and her subsequent degeneration into a squalid senility. On the other side the pantry door he could pick up this skeleton of his "Madame Margot" already rearticulated for him to flesh out.

As if the book had been infected by its own mysterious material, it has already had a long and curious history. Nearly forty years ago it had been announced and was well on the way to be finished when the author told some of its stories to a group of Charleston clubwomen. It is difficult now to understand that many of them were profoundly shocked—so shocked that their adopted fellow citizen put his work away and forgot about it. After the First World War, when he joined with Hervey Allen and DuBose Heyward in a literary confederacy that has since made history, John Bennett was persuaded to publish "Madame Margot." Later, the manuscript of the title story disappeared for several years. Those who knew of the existence of these stories had long desired them. Here they are.

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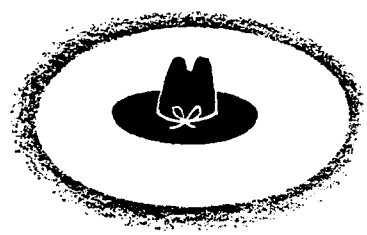

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DANGER SIGN

(*Continued from page 6*)

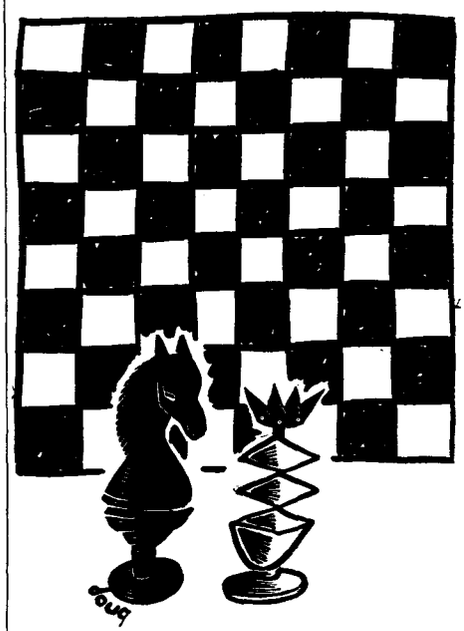
or (b) that none will ever dare to challenge us.

It is not surprising, therefore, that non-American peoples, with minor exceptions, are still blithely unaware of the atomic Frankenstein that threatens mankind.

Here is a situation more menacing than after Pearl Harbor.

In the face of it, what are Americans thinking, and being encouraged to think, about?

Bigger profits, more pay for less work, ever more entertainments, new cars, new shirts, nylons, race horses, debutantes' extravagance — and always, always, always the perennial



American struggle for the front places at the trough!

While some Americans still talk Roosevelt, most are already acting Harding.

Our Administration—after countenancing the record "relocation" that is at the bottom of our helplessness—talks much (too much!) but its action limps badly.

The War and Navy Departments properly clamor for larger armed forces. At long last General Eisenhower is preparing a scheme for transforming our shattered occupation forces in Germany into an impressive military police. General Marshall is trying to retrieve what can be saved of the political situation in China. But not even the White House can offer much hope that we shall stay in Germany or the Far East long enough to finish the jobs.

Towards Russia, our policy wobbles. We have ceased to appease. But we neither come to terms with nor do we seriously oppose Soviet expansion. Ten years from now it will be too late.

The American people are still unaware that worldwide relief—loans, credits, grants, gifts—by the only country able to give relief is not an ethical duty but an absolute political necessity.

To prevent atomic war, our Administration has so far advocated nothing better than the United Nations—a system of so-called collective security that, as Ely Culbertson quipped, is "neither collective nor secure." This organization has just demonstrated its inability to protect little Iran from becoming another Soviet satellite. Our provincial-minded politicians have not even attempted to transform it into that minimum world government that can alone prevent war. Taking shelter behind Russia's alleged adamant opposition to internationalism, pin-headed American leaders are stubbornly clinging to the deadliest poison of our time, the myth of national sovereignty.

President Truman sees the dangers. He has advised against skuttle-and-run demobilization. He has perceived the threat of Soviet imperialism through the smokescreen of pleas for Soviet "security." He understands that Germany is yet unsubdued. He favors loans for needy allies and wholesale national effort in feeding the world's hungry. He would support Britain. But despite one faint suggestion of world government, he still acts as though the United States should run the danger of atomic war rather than submit its sovereignty to the decision of any external authority.

Certainly the President has not staked his own and his political party's future on an all-out campaign to save the United States.

Perhaps he is pessimistic of success. One of his advisers recently confessed that "it looks as though we do not deserve to survive."

Perhaps our provincialism is so deeply rooted, our ignorance of the world so extensive, that nothing can awaken us to the situation. Certainly we did not ask for and do not relish the world leadership which destiny has forced upon us.

Yet somewhere deep in the Americans are reserves, not only of kindliness and vitality, but of intelligence.

The question is, will we succeed in tapping them?

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Florida Disaster

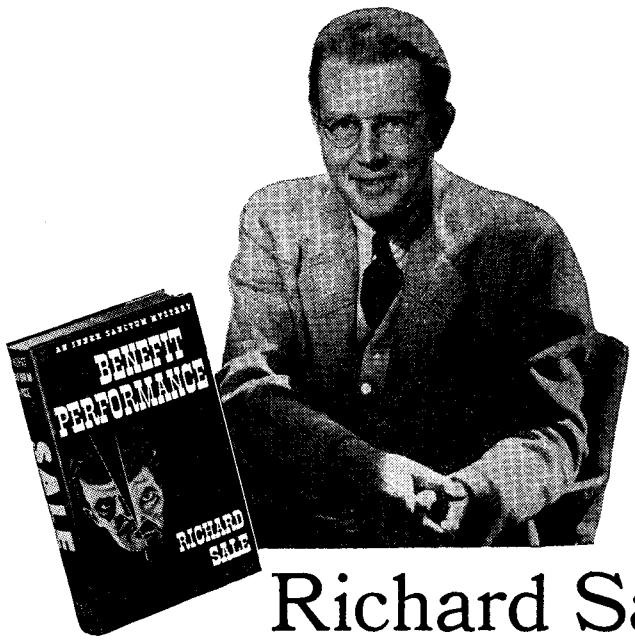
THE LOST MEN. By Benedict Thielen. New York: D. Appleton-Century Co. 1946. 250 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by RICHARD A. CORDELL

NO FLORIDA chamber of commerce will promote or recommend this exciting story of the tropical hurricane which ripped the Keys and spread almost undescribable destruction along the west coast of the state more than ten years ago; in fact, a wide circulation of "The Lost Men" might conceivably unsettle real estate values on the Gulf Coast. The book is a story of the pathetic lost generation—not exactly the one named by Gertrude Stein, but a later, more tragic, twice-lost generation: not only left stranded spiritually by what seemed then a futile war, but also flung to the bread lines and soup kitchens in the early 1930's. When the second bonus group marched on Washington in 1933, President Roosevelt, who was both too humane and too astute a politician to turn the tear gas on them, provided a work project and living accommodations for the unemployed vets on the Florida coast. When hundreds of them were killed in the ferocious storm (the special rescue train from Miami was blown from the tracks before it reached the camps), there was much name-calling and blame-fixing, but after a while most people not directly concerned forgot about the tragedy.

This brilliant novel tells the story of the disaster as it sweeps to destruction three men who lodge in one of the camp huts. Each of the men carries in his heart a lump of iron, a painful legacy from a frustrated, purposeless past. While they await their doom, we think through their past years with them, and with them try in vain to find direction, meaning, and significance in their wasted years. They do not ask for sympathy, they are not engulfed in self-pity—they are dazed and bewildered by an unintelligible world; they are lost men. Up to the final act theirs is a modern tragedy; then it is resolved by the crassest device of old-fashioned melodrama, a violent "act of God," in this case a hurricane. At least they go out with a bang, not a whimper.

Probably no better description of a storm has ever been written—even by Conrad or Stewart. It is traced from its beginnings until like some great cosmic marauder it tears loose from the sea, ravages the land, and returns to its lair. The author has a shameless love of words and of the fine, audacious phrase.



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THE FINE ARTS

COLLECTING TODAY'S PICTURES

A BASIC difference between the picture buyer and the collector is that one acquires a work of art for an empty wall space, the other buys for himself. In this country hundreds of people who thought themselves in the first category now find themselves in the second. Many Americans are today acquiring more pictures than they need for household decoration; many are becoming collectors, often despite themselves. Their purchases vary greatly in kind, number and price, but most of them are buying works by living American artists, one or

two a year, at somewhere between $250 and $1,500 per item.

To anyone interested in the fine arts, this widespread collecting of contemporary art is extremely encouraging. It also tends to refute the rumor that private patronage is altogether a thing of the past, that artists must henceforth look for support to the tax-free bounty of the great corporations. There is, of course, grave need for both kinds of buying, private and corporate, since the economic status of most modern artists fluctuates between the tragic and the perilous. But we should remember that the decline of huge private fortunes is not likely to affect contemporary art very much except at the modern-Old-Master level of Bonnard and Picasso. With a few notable exceptions, our very rich collectors have usually concentrated on the bonded art of the past. There is no record, for example, of Mr. Andrew Mellon's having bought a Max Weber or a Soutine. This is not said to minimize the almost incredible cultural value to the nation of Raphael's "Saint George and the Dragon," which Mr. Mellon did buy. It is cited to indicate that contemporary art has been acquired for the most part by those whom we gruesomely describe as "comfortably fixed," that is, by those whose incomes range from $7,500 to $25,000. This group's turn for total economic deflation may be next, but is not yet.

If we assume that private patronage will continue to exist for a time at least, are there any pointers which new collectors might welcome? Probably not; since an absolute requisite of collecting is either strong personal conviction or faith in a self-chosen adviser. All one can do is record a few observations in the hope some of them will confirm what other collectors are discovering for themselves.

I should like to begin by repudiating flatly the theory that certain pictures might prove difficult to live with, even though the collector likes and admires them very much. (If he does not like them and so calls them "difficult," that is another story.) There are admittedly pictures too big for a house or an apartment; there are paintings which make so specialized a point or fit so cohesive an historical pattern that they belong in a museum; there are a few works which raise a religious or moral objection. I am not talking about any of these. I mean simply those works of art which are sufficiently aggressive or troubling so that the collector is tempted to put them aside and buy something milder by the same artist. It is, I think, almost always a mistake to do this. The truth of the matter is that no collector examines his acquisitions constantly. On the contrary, he is equipped with an almost automatic, subconscious device to regulate his attention. He looks when he feels like it; he turns away for hours or days or months, and he looks back again when he needs to. The test to be applied is not that of constant scrutiny but of the satisfaction to be gained when a painting or sculpture *does* claim the attention. No one who owns a phonograph will expect to play Stravinsky every day, and no one who owns a Rouault will stare at it steadily.

But perhaps Stravinsky and Rouault are misleading names. I do not mean to say that only vigorous and disturbing works of art are of lasting interest; far from it. Indeed, one of the very greatest artists of our century, Henri Matisse, has revived

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Burke's eighteenth-century conception of the beautiful as that which relaxes and soothes the spectator. There are innumerable works by living artists whose very quality is their mildness, tenderness, or grace. I urge only that as collectors we should not be afraid to take our art full strength, for whatever virtue is its own, whether we buy an oil, a sculpture, a watercolor, a drawing, or a print. The compromise purchase is the one which usually finds its way back to the dealer or languishes on a guest room wall.

On the whole it is probably easier to decide, right or wrong, between good and bad artists than between first-rate and lesser works by the same artist, assuming that judgment in the latter case is limited to works of comparable scale and intention. Occasionally the problem is settled by price, and between two pictures we choose the one we can afford. But most works by living artists are priced in current exhibitions according to size, so that cost is not often a decisive factor. There is almost always a moment to be faced, when the collector must put his money on one of two or three paintings or sculptures which he likes nearly equally. Can anything help him then? For one thing he can postpone his decision until he has gone back for a second look, meanwhile examining as many works as possible by the artist under consideration. If he does this, he injures that pride in summary judgment which is a chief nourishment of some collectors. He may also run the risk of losing a picture to a rival buyer: the work acquired by someone else will understandably become the only one he himself intended all along to purchase. Yet I think these hazards of delay are worth accepting, since they lessen the possibility of making a mistake which may be difficult and expensive to repair.

There are a few suspicions that the collector can wilfully harbor as a check on his taste and enthusiasm. He can consider himself in danger, for example, if he likes a certain painting only fairly well but tries to persuade himself that it will come to life in a better frame. It is true that pictures very, very often look finer when they have been reframed, but usually these are pictures one liked to begin with, pictures whose enrichment by proper framing could be foreseen accurately rather than hopefully envisioned.

Once the work of art has been purchased and taken home, it should usually be left as it is. There is a lamentable and sometimes disastrous tendency among inexperienced collectors to rush their pictures off to

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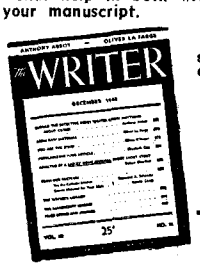

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the restorer to be varnished or cleaned or rebacked. The motivation for this urge is perfectly simple: if the painting looks well now, how much better will it look when it has been scrubbed! We are as a nation addicted to hygiene, but it is a dangerous enthusiasm when related to art. Most paintings are better off if left alone, and many have been ruined by even such presumably minor repairs as cleaning and varnishing. The test of a good restorer is that he will tell you this as often as he will advise you to let him work on a picture. And it is especially important in dealing with modern art that a good restorer be used for necessary repairs. Contrary to popular belief, recently painted pictures are difficult to restore: the paint has not yet set; the quality of pigment is seldom as good or its usage as predictable as in the case of older works on which restorers have accumulated a helpful documentation according to century, school, country, and artist.

I have not made collecting contemporary art sound easy. It is not. But it is pleasurable beyond belief, and quite apart from the more spiritual satisfactions it provides, it offers a practical advantage over the other arts. The book collector must take down his treasures in private or for the benefit of rare friends. The music lover cannot play his records without the approval or tolerance of family and acquaintances. But the art collector's acquisitions are always ready and in sight. He can enjoy them alone; and sometimes when the room is crowded, the hour late, the conversation faltering, he can look past people toward the images on the wall which have absorbed so much of his thinking life. To anyone who objects that this is a rude privilege for a host to allow himself, I can only retort that the same privilege is open, and may be even more welcome, to those present as guests.

JAMES THRALL SOBY.

James Thrall Soby has been a trustee of the Museum of Modern Art, New York, since 1942, and became Assistant Director early in 1943. When the office of Director was abolished later that year, he became the Director of Painting and Sculpture—a position he resigned in 1945. He is still a trustee of the Museum.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
BITTER ENDING *Alexander Irving* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Cal. doctor killed by strychnine. Girl secretary slain with poker. Anatomy prof. aids detective in spotting slayer.	Medical college background satisfactorily gruesome. Characters sharply drawn. Sleuth Crillon believable and amateur helper interesting. Puzzle well contrived.	Very good
HALO IN BLOOD *John Evans* (Bobbs Merrill: $2.)	Multi-ministered funeral of one "John Doe" starts shamus Pine on corpse-littered case with Chicago background.	Prime Punishment-taker Pine pulls no punches in solving gory mass-murder starring dangerous female.	Super-toughie
THE BECKONING SHADOW *Denis Scott* (Bobbs Merrill: $2.)	Chicago private-eye Mike James traces missing man in Colorado speeds back to Illinois and finds murder in embattled family.	Smooth operator James handles bunch of explosive characters in capital style, solves cleverly contrived killing—and snares a bride.	Lively
TIME TO CHANGE HATS *Margot Bennett* (Crime Club: $2.)	Notes signed "Death" demoralize English village full of war-evacuees. Then death strikes and blithe young gentleman starts sleuthing.	Quite the merriest murder yarn in moons. So merry indeed it's hard to take in one gulp. But it's worth trying.	Ha-ha's and horrors.

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The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	ENGINEERING			REMARKS
	Balance	*Realism*	*Surface*	
KHRENNIKOV, SYMPHONY #1; MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING (excerpts) KHACHATURIAN, DANCE SUITE #5 (excerpts) Bolshoi Theatre Orch. DISC 753 (2 *plastic*) $5	Clear recording but dynamic range narrow, tone quality somehow flat. Solo voice is good.		A– to C (plastic)	Khrennikov is conventional (after early Shostakovitch) but interesting. Khachaturian energetic eastern dance music, on the bombastic side.
TSCHAIKOWSKY, EUGENE ONEGIN; PIQUE DAME; YOLANDA (excerpts) Bolshoi Theatre Orch. Soloists. DISC 752 (3 *plastic*) $7.50	Soloists very close to mike.	Tends to fuzziness near end of each side.	A to C (plastic)	Fine Russian singing, seldom heard music. This one a valuable album, in spite of technical shortcomings and poor plastic.
Earlier release (1945): BORODIN, PRINCE IGOR (excerpts) Bolshoi Theatre Orch. soloists. ASCH 800 (5 *plastic*) $12.50	Uneven balance, prob. due to movements of singers on stage. Tone quality flat. Fuzzy in spots.		A– (plastic)	After repeated playings shows increasing tendency to fuzziness. Use only light pick-up. Unusual music, exc. Polovetsian Dances. Soloists first rate, chorus poor.
ROOSEVELT, FIRST INAUGURAL (1933) UNION 201 (2 *plastic*) $5	Voice recording very flat, but good surfaces help considerably. Easily intelligible.		A (plastic)	Another fine documentary, on plastic of better quality than above. The complete inaugural, with epochal phrases throughout. First of announced series.
JAZZ AT THE PHILHARMONIC, vol. 2. Supervision Norman Granz. (McGhee, L. Young, W. Smith, C. Parker, Al Killian, etc.) DISC 501 (2) $2.50	Solos very high-level, ultra brilliant, unnaturally close. Engineer switches mikes late, loses beginning of each solo.		A–	Incredible frenzy in this album will convince anyone that jazz *can* be noncommercialized! An extraordinary album for anyone who can take it; on-the-spot solo improvisations, at length.

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ONE of the most enterprising and idealistic of the smaller record companies is the group variously known as Asch, Disc, and Union, all supervised by Moe Asch. Asch specializes in what might be called the Authentic, and notably where the Authentic is contrasted to the Commercial. His recordings are home-spun, crude, and genuine, if sometimes corny. The best of them are priceless documentaries, and the average runs high. His interests range from authentic Russian opera (above) to authentic jazz and American folk music, and most of his offerings have an appeal much wider than the conventional bounds of commercial jazz and folk song. Hence a general recommendation to all listeners, plus a warning: when Asch is wrong he is very, very wrong.

It is almost impossible now for a small company to produce 12-inch records of any sort. The limited supply of shellac goes to the big companies first. Plastic at the moment is easier to get, but—for small companies—is of poor quality. Few people are aware that most record companies farm out their actual manufacturing to several large manufacturers whose names are unknown to the public, yet whose influence is appallingly great. With supplies so tight, favoritism, perhaps unintentional, is bound to appear. The small producer today wages a terrifying behind-the-scenes battle of diplomacy and wirepulling to produce records at all.

In the 12-inch field the choice for the small company is simple: either issue poor 12-inch records on plastic, plus a few driblets on shellac—or quit. We owe thanks to Asch for choosing the path of action, however dubious the results may be. Most of the others, it will be noticed, have quit.

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THE CITADEL

WHAT of Man's immaterial citadel
Less than the Word made God? Who
knew it well?

Plato his Socrates;
The strolling talkers in the cool leaf-shade
Near the Lyceum, where the Stagirite
Who had taught Macedon, inquiry made
Through the organon into realms of light,
Into the perishing or the perduring;
And then, no less, that soul as Magnus known,
Albertus of Cologne,
Who taught the Angelic Doctor; yes, and one
Renegade Dominican with thought maturing
Whom the fanatic Act of Faith
Of the Holy Inquisition robed in flame
And stopped of breath,
Who was by Sidney loved, whose death was turned
Into truth's martyrdom, wherein there burned
The greatest truth he could proclaim:
Unity found in all the universe;
Immanens causa; a living mind to scan
The thinking monad, Man;
But since the monkish pedants were disavowed,
Miracles scoffed at, and most mysteries—
To secure a greater mystery than these,
And the soul immortal in the life to come—
Him they struck dumb . . .
Copernicus confuting Ptolemy,
Not yet held worse
(By the same torturers) than troublesome,
Leaving his legacy
To Tycho, Kepler, to the moon-endowed
Pisan, wrought Galileo rack and prison,
Though from that soul's integrity arisen
"Eppur si muove!" cried. And, as he died,
On Christmas day of that same ancient year
Light glowed in a small village in Lincolnshire
With Newton's birth,
Still the great man of science of our earth.

Thus did the citadel,
Whatever forces would torture and enchain,
Renew its faithful to strengthen and maintain
Truth in despite of hell.

Recall the other minds
That in their several kinds
Fought the same darkness backward, age by age,
In their indomitable pilgrimage:
Geometric Hobbes, bending so close to scan
Nature and Man
As to miss Heaven, but write *Leviathan;*
Verulam, father of much modern thought,
Conceiving science as a pyramid
Even as his predecessor did,
Rapt Roger Bacon, suffering prison and pain
For his own burning-glass of mind
Lighting an old dark century; Descartes
Expounding science as a tree:
Metaphysics the root, physics the bole,
And separate branches three;
Locke, for his part,
Advancing the understanding; holding well,
Even in the household of Achitophel,
The real though immaterial citadel.

The intricacy, the order, and the wonder
Of nature; the exploration of our thought
Wherein our cherished illusions come to naught;
Man's fate, ere his own impulse blast asunder
His world; control of the inordinate act
By reason; and ever—the fact, the fact, the fact!

Like cloud on a night sky
Great other names go by:
Proudhon, the cooper's son;
Quesnay, physician to the Pompadour,
The physiocrat, Turgot;
Ricardo and Rousseau,
Swift and Defoe,
Glittering Voltaire, the analyst in
Hume;
Franklin, who seized the lightning
from the gloom;
Kant, lost in space and time,
Impelling Hegel's climb
Out of duality into unity;
Byron, of violent brain
And greatness half self-slain;
Dark Schopenhauer;
The Nietzschean lust for power;
All endless grapple with reality.
Godwin, and Shelley, and, as our age draws near,
Paine, the great pamphleteer,
Fourier, Henry George,
Marx—like a fiery forge
Shaking a continent, the image-breaker—
Darwin, who wrought
A deeper revolution in man's thought
Rousing wild enmity and genuine grief
That clung to fond belief
Of an especial creation; who saw all life ascend
From the first origins till time shall end.

Bergson, new image-maker;
Rolland of the fictive wand;
Calm consciousness of Freud no flame destroyed
When the barbarians would have razed, with blind
Fanatic fury, the citadel of mind;
Einstein of the vast theories that awe,
And the all-inclusive law;
And others more—
Those other thousands, the ants with their ant-grains
And passion for research that shook their blood,
With only a few ever to understand:
The special seekers, enduring through strange pains,
To garner one small fact misunderstood,
Misread, and add it to a vast mound of sand
(Or seeming thus, until it shift to shape
A peak of knowledge no reasoning can escape).

Accumulation where genius climbed and stood,
As when the young wife, pale and poor,
But intrepid the unapparent to explore—
As Marie Curie in uranium rays
Searching miraculous substance through a haze
Of surmise, at last cast wide a thunderous door
Into God's lightning-litten secret room
Where now the least atom salvation holds—or doom.
Two physicists on a long eight-year road
Laboring in love together, till at last
The magical particle from pitchblende glowed!
That hour the die was cast.
Radium. Years passed. The atom in blinding light
Hurled utter annihilation from the height.

Atom of Man's salvation or Man's hell.
All of existence in the citadel.
Who hold that immaterial citadel?

Philosopher, man of science, man of thought,
Not to be sold or bought,
Though through the ages threatened and forewarned
And tortured and decried . . .
Unbribed and unsuborned
They labored till they died,
Each for his span
As light's frontiersman on heights still dark to Man.
No fetter and no fire
Availed to quench their infinite desire;
No tyranny, no death,
Inquiry ending only with our breath.

Now all is strange;
The range
Of life about us, minatory, immense,
Bludgeons the sense . . .
Yet hour by hour
Among the apparatus or strange machines,
Or high in the observatory tower;
By lamplight on the books, or on the screens;
By test-tube and through spark,
Current and wave-length, and all channeled power,
Enduring courage goes forth upon the dark.

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I wish to thank R. J. Bucholz, Jr., ex-bomber-navigator of the Fifth Air Force, for having Giordano Bruno's "The Philosophic Flight" lettered for me by his father in a beautiful small folder with a water-color of cloud. Mr. Bucholz says:

> Reading recently in a volume of Italian poetry, I came upon the enclosed written some 350 odd years ago, which expresses perfectly our thoughts on many a flight. And, needless to say, it says it better. It could almost be a dedication to all the gallant lads in our great air force and in the Allied air forces as well.

The translation is by John Addington Symonds, and here is the poem:

Now that these wings to speed my wish ascend,
The more I feel vast air beneath my feet,
The more towards boundless air on pinions fleet,
Spurning the earth, soaring to heaven I tend.
Nor makes them stoop their flight the direful end
Of Daedal's son; but upward still they beat.
What life the while with this death could compete,
If dead to earth at last I must descend?

My own heart's voice in the void air I hear.
Where wilt thou bear me, O rash man! Recall
They daring will! This boldness waits on fear!
Dread not, I answer, that tremendous fall.
Strike through the clouds, and smile when death is near,
If death so glorious be our doom at all!

* * *

And so until next week. . . .

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "Who Is Silvia?" by Shakespeare. 2. "Alice in Wonderland," by Lewis Carroll. 3. Rosalind, in "As You Like It," by Shakespeare. 4. "Lucy," by William Wordsworth. 5. Kate Hardcastle, in "She Stoops to Conquer," by Oliver Goldsmith. 6. "My Last Duchess," by Robert Browning. 7. "Annabel Lee," by Edgar Allan Poe. 8. "The Lady of Shalott," by Tennyson. 9. Viola, in "Twelfth Night," by Shakespeare. 10. "Maud Muller," by John Greenleaf Whittier. 11. "Evangeline," by Henry W. Longfellow. 12. "The Blessed Damozel," by Dante Gabriel Rossetti. 13. "Ruth," by Thomas Hood. 14. Charlotte, in "The Sorrows of Werther," by Thackeray. 15. Ellen Netherby, in "Lochinvar," by Sir Walter Scott. 16. "The Beggar Maid," by Tennyson. 17. Belinda, in "The Rape of the Lock," by Pope. 18. "Annie Laurie," by William Douglas. 19. "Sally in Our Alley," by Henry Carey. 20. Maggie, in "The Betrothed," by Rudyard Kipling.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special and intelligent clientele; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purpose and character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a strictly personal nature are limited to exchange of correspondence. Rates: 15 cents per word. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Rates for several insertions follow—26 insertions, 10c a word; 13 insertions, 12c a word; 6 insertions, 14c a word. Payment in full must be received fifteen days in advance of publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers. Address Personals Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

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(Continued on page 48)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 47)

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 635

DEFINITIONS

A. City of the Netherlands.

B. A worshipper of the solar disk (Egypt. Relig.; Amenhotep IV).

C. An ideal or make-believe "land" (Comp.)

D. From the chest, said of the natural singing voice (Music; 2 wds.)

E. Favorite wife of Mohammed; also novel by Rider Haggard.

F. River in Ireland, emptying into Dublin Bay.

G. Pertaining to stone, esp. as material for building or implements.

H. Burrowing in rock.

I. Clothed; invested.

J. Goddess of wisdom, arts of war, etc. in Lower Egypt (likened to Athene).

K. A king row (Checkers; 2 wds.)

L. A report; a piece of gossip (Comp.)

M. American publisher and theatrical producer (1886-1933; "Hamlet in Modern Dress.")

N. A nest, esp. for insects' eggs.

O. Choice morsel of food, gossip, etc.

P. Author of drama winning the Pulitzer Prize in 1924.

Q. Outward (Anat.)

R. A stage in a development.

S. Rubbish; the mob.

T. Necessary supplies, esp. wood which a tenant may take from landlord's premises, etc. (Law)

U. A marriage broker, esp. among certain Jews.

V. Moved by small degrees.

W. To get rid of (3 wds.)

X. Undulating or heaving motion.

Y. Any fabric of crossing cords, etc., with open spaces between.

Z. Greek historian, greatest of antiquity (471-400? B.C.)

WORDS

160 123 3 153 50 99 171 24 8

16 154 60 177 112 84 66

64 106 182 91 30 55 148 132 98 49

61 41 9 29 87 113 166

152 119 101 46 155 179

184 163 140 35 133 15

10 144 22 82 53 175

118 13 42 88 139 18 65 147 104 185 115

142 124 134 1 20 52

149 172 11 111 59

159 127 79 40 145 103 181 176 39

68 117 107 56 77

141 71 180 165 5 114 81 100 27

45 75 93 80 125

126 48 150 120 161 96

109 33 146 97 4 138

89 129 14 158 63

47 151 173 6 73

19 131 70 34 94 92 167 162

31 76 168 86 143 136 23 37

102 164 169 110 85 67 43 156 17

62 72 122 178 38 51

90 116 95 105 183 58 28 7 2 78

170 32 83 128 21

26 135 130 108 44 69 54

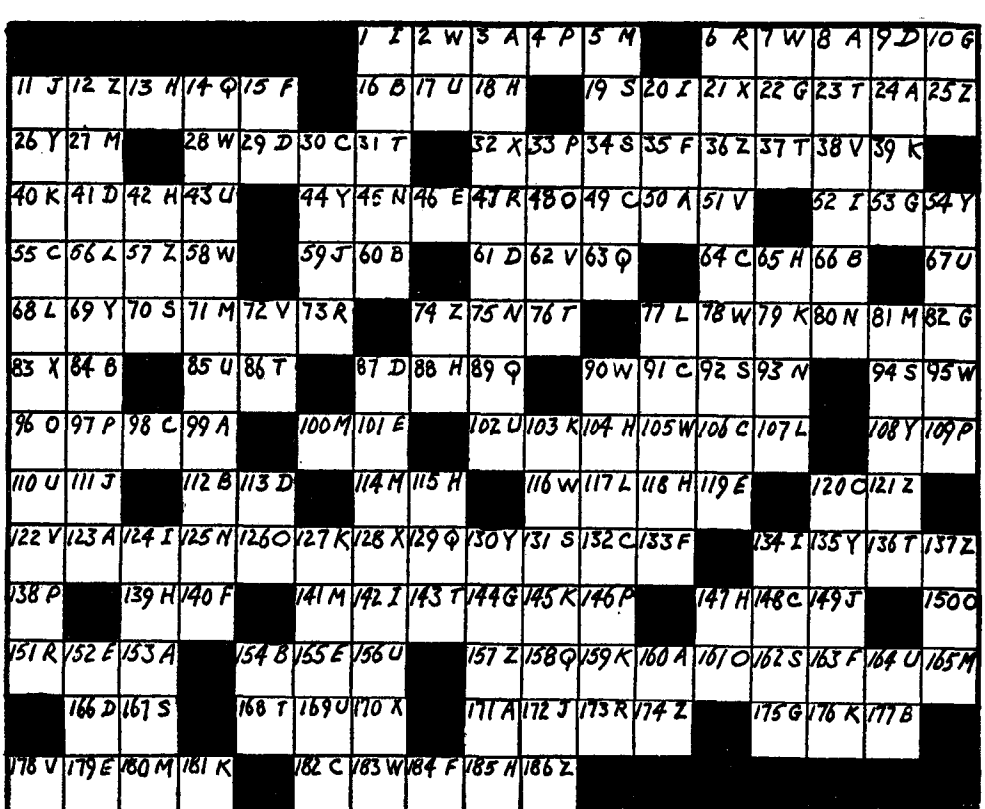
57 74 36 12 121 137 25 174 186 157

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on this page.



The Crostics Club

LAST week's DC illustrates the way in which I take advantage of advance notices of a book's publication—in *The Publishers' Weekly*—and seek coöperation from the publishers to use it as soon as possible after publication for our purpose. Thus "Beatrice Webb" was out May 16, almost an exciting scoop for us.

That newspaper writers or editors should take to our DCs for diversion is always a source of wonderment to me, like taking "coals to Newcastle." The latest to write me is Julius Davidson, publisher and editor of three Daytona Beach papers. In the course of his appreciative letter, he comments on the surprise of a New York fan when the latter discovered that Mr. D. was a fan "way out in the sticks." A born and bred New Yorker, Mr. D., however, thinks that "the proportion of literacy and widespread concern about the affairs of the world is higher in the smaller cities of America than in the metropolitan centers or the rural districts."

John Newberry reports an intimate talk about DCs with that phenomenal young musician, composer, and conductor Leonard Bernstein, on the occasion of L. B.'s recent visit to Michigan to conduct the Detroit Symphony Orchestra. To J. N.'s amusement he discovered an avid DC fan who thought the use of reference books the lowest form of puzzling. Mr. N. presented him with a copy of #18 and some original DCs to do on his trip to conduct in the coming musical festival at Prague. Another DC fan J. N. mentions is his friend John La Farge, cousin of Christopher and Oliver, who also abjures reference books. (Those La Farges are so talented and so numerous I can never get them straight.)

Some of you, including Waldo Peirce, Pomona, N. Y., and several old stagers found the Browning Easter DC tough going. I am reminded of an essay by Frank Moore Colby in that compilation edited by F. W. Dupee, "The Question of Henry James." "In Darkest James," Colby called his contribution. Reflecting that Browning, too, was often not understandable, he added that for that matter neither is a man's wife, but that is not fatal to enjoyment. In fact, Mr. Moore seems to make much of the zest of life that animated Browning which evidently the essayist believed makes up for lack of meaning. Some of us may differ.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 634)

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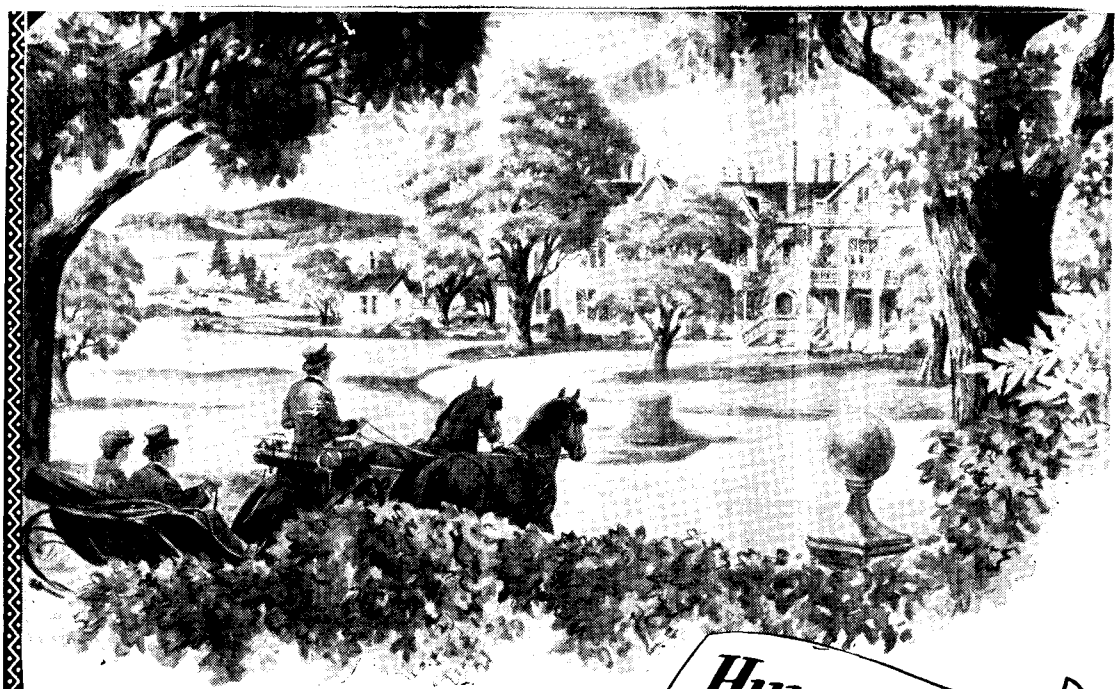

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